

The Sketch

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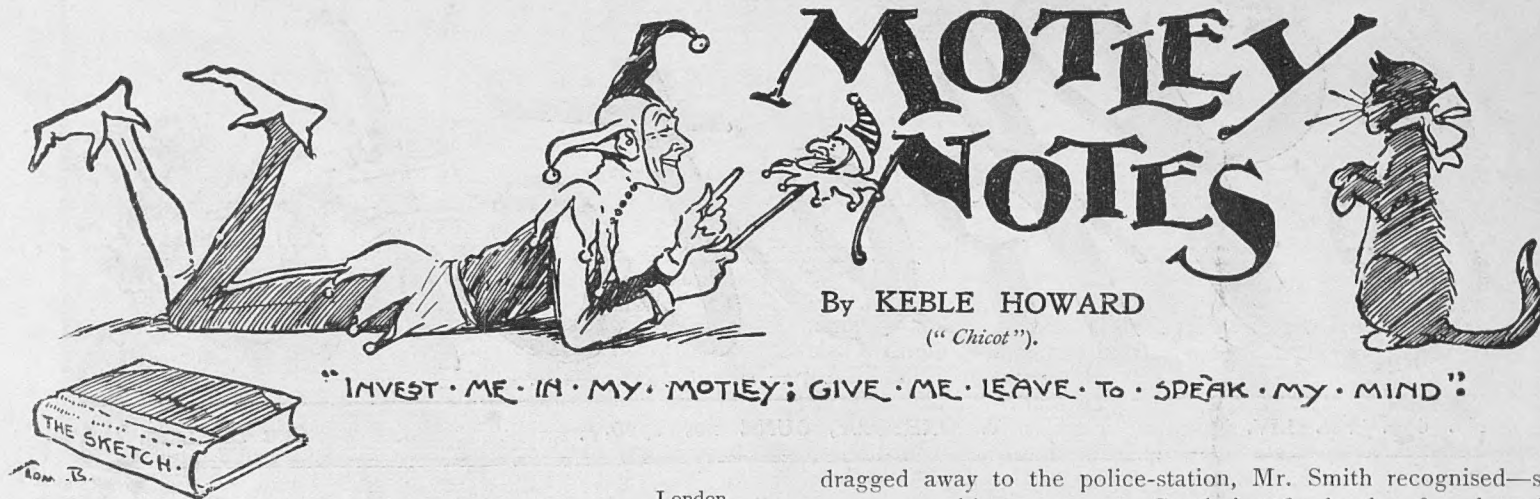
ONE SHILLING.



A MERRY SUMMER HOLIDAY TO YOU ALL!

"MISS SKETCH," IMPERSONATED BY MISS PAULINE CHASE, SENDS HER GOOD WISHES TO ALL OUR READERS.

Photograph by Bassano.



London.

ALITERARY gossip has been saying that one of the chief delights of living to be old is to read the biographies of famous people whom one has known personally. To me, this seems rather a ghoulish taste, but it is possible that I may change my opinion in later years. In the meantime, I can vouch for it that one of the chief delights of being young is to watch the "arrival" of the idols of one's youth. One of my idols at Oxford was Mr. F. E. Smith, who is said to have made the most brilliant maiden speech of any of the new men in the new House of Commons. At any rate, in *P.T.O.*, Mr. T. P. O'Connor's latest venture, Mr. F. E. Smith has a whole page to himself, and if that is not celebrity I don't know what is. Mr. O'Connor, whose initials stand at the foot of the article, seems to have been amazed, not only by F. E. Smith's eloquence, but also by his consummate "cheek." (I need hardly say that Mr. O'Connor does not call it "cheek." True, he does allude to Mr. Smith's cheek, but merely to explain that it was a little pale.) "Never," he declares, "was a speaker more self-assured, more defiant, more scornful of his opponents; his ease amounted almost to a challenge. Even his attitude was provocative. He stood with his hands in either his waistcoat or trousers pockets during the entire speech, and he faced the audience with a look open, straight, and scornful."

I am sure he did. That was always F. E. Smith's way. Sometimes on Thursdays business took him up to London. (It may even have been pleasure, but that's quite beside the point.) He would return by an evening train, and come into the debating-hall at the Union in a frock-coat. (Astonishing impudence number one. I never remember seeing anybody else, Dons always excepted, wearing a frock-coat in the Union.) The leading speakers would probably have finished their little bits, but whatever they might or might not have said was of small consequence to F. E. Smith. Before he had been in the hall five minutes he would be talking, brilliantly, on one side or the other, and whichever side he happened to affect generally won the fight. I suspect, now I come to think him over, that it was his manner that gained our votes more than his matter. In other words, his cheek. If I dared, I could tell you a good story about that. The thing happened just after Mr. F. E. Smith had been elected to a Junior Fellowship, or something of that sort, at Merton. And it was in connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales—now the King—to Oxford to open the new Town Hall. The police authorities, anticipating a Town and Gown evening, had imported a troop of mounted police from London. I wonder if Mr. Smith would object to this little anecdote of his extreme youth? Anyhow, as I am in it now, I may as well go on.

On the morning of the day of the Prince's visit, Mr. F. E. Smith very kindly went out of his way to caution the men attending his lecture to behave that evening with extreme propriety. He told them about the mounted policemen, and the rest of it, and hoped that they would all stay indoors and read improving books instead of going out to see the pretty fireworks. Well, 'twas a fearful and a bloody night. The heads of peaceable citizens, pushing through the throng to get to a pillar-box, were cracked open. The London police, honestly believing that they were face to face with a genuine riot instead of a schoolboy scrimmage, dashed about on their great horses, scattered the crowd here only to see it form again there, and generally made idiots of themselves. The foot police were just as busy. First one man was hauled off to the lock-up and then another. Now, it so happened that, when the turmoil was at its thickest, Mr. F. E. Smith was taking the air for the good of his health. Glancing at the features of one unfortunate fellow who was being

dragged away to the police-station, Mr. Smith recognised—so the story goes—his own scout. Gently but firmly, therefore, he told the constables that they had made a mistake. Their prisoner was a very charming fellow and an excellent servant. Under no circumstances must he be taken to the lock-up.

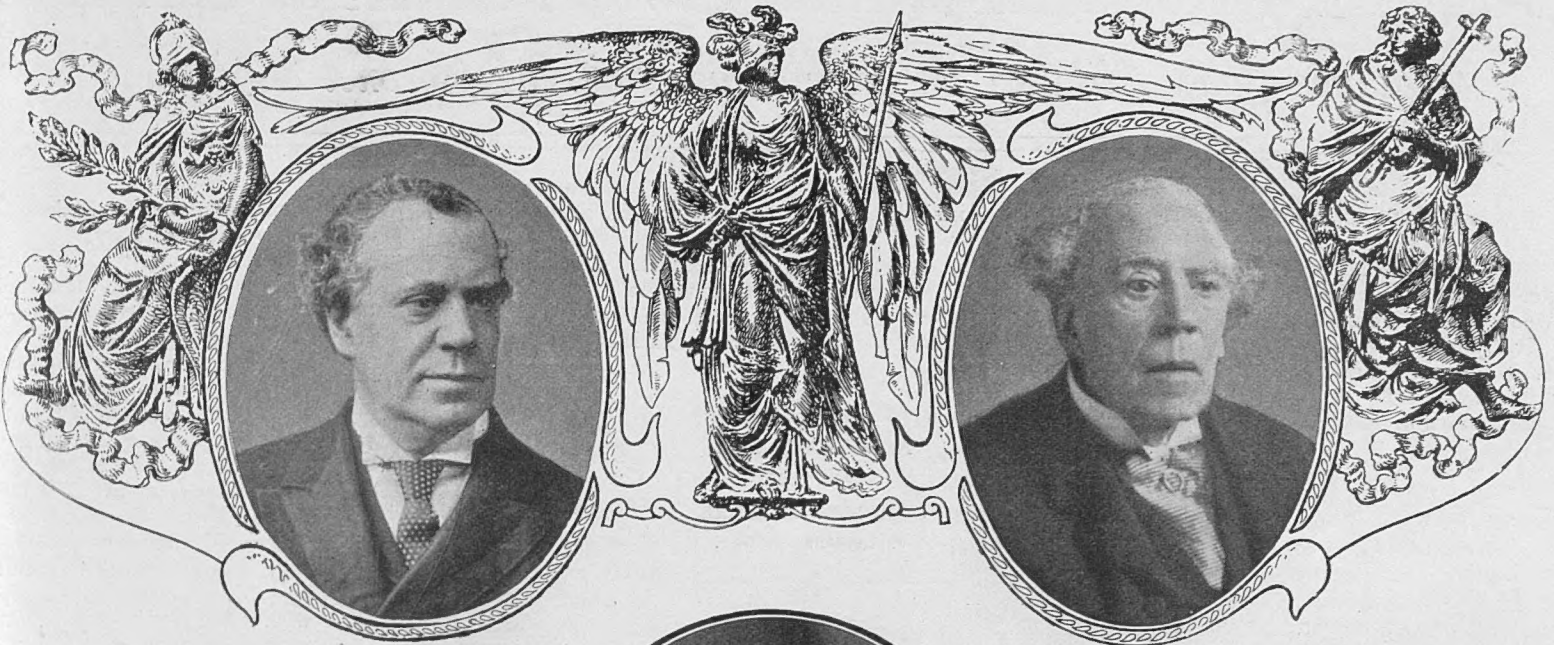
In a twinkling, so to speak, Mr. F. E. Smith, Junior Fellow of Merton, was himself on the way to the station. Mr. O'Connor will be delighted to hear, however, that the young orator did not lose his presence of mind. Remembering that an excited constable will sometimes accuse a prisoner of resisting capture, Mr. Smith looked sharply about him for witnesses. Leaning out of a window in King William Street were some men well known to him. "I call you to witness," he shouted, "that I am going quietly!" And they made a mental note of the fact. When the case came before the magistrates (I nearly forgot to mention, by the way, that the apartment into which Mr. Smith was conducted at the police station already contained some of his own pupils, foolish fellows!) Mr. Smith decided to conduct his own defence. The constables hinted that he had kicked them on the ankles. "On the contrary," said Mr. Smith, and he called his friends from King William Street. The end of it was that the magistrates discharged him with no stain on his character and very few bruises on his body; and when he went into Hall at Merton that night all those present, from the Head Table downwards, cheered him like mad things. I am sorry to have been beforehand with the editor of *P.T.O.*, but it's not a bad story, is it? And I do hope Mr. Smith won't mind.

A writer in a lady's paper, having tired, one may presume, of abusing her own sex, has had a tiny knock at Man. Quite, you understand, a tiny knock. She does not say that he is deceitful, or extravagant, or vain, or cruel, or given to taking drugs, or to cheating at bridge, or any of the other things that everybody hastens to admit are the monopoly of women. Man, nevertheless, is not perfect. He refuses to sing and he refuses to dance. "Singing and dancing," says she, "were once indispensable to education; but now no gentleman can rouse himself to master either accomplishment." The answer to this is that no gentleman ever did rouse himself to master these accomplishments—unless, as is very rare, he had a marked talent for them. On the contrary, he was roused. Certain afternoons in the week were set aside for singing, certain evenings for dancing, and the poor wretch was compelled to make a fool of himself because his parents had paid the extra fee. There is no more ludicrous sight in the world than a roomful of English schoolboys, nine-tenths of them without the slightest artistic ability of any sort whatever, struggling, under pain of punishment, to sing or dance. Nowadays, nobody dreams of asking a man to sing who can't sing, but women still persist in believing that every man could dance beautifully, or at the least passably, if he wasn't so lazy. The men who can dance, dance. The men who don't dance, can't and never could. But what is the good of asking mothers to have respect for their daughters' toes?

Mr. E. Kay Robinson, the graceful and distinguished writer on country matters, has made, it seems, a strange statement. In his new book, "The Religion of Nature," Mr. Kay Robinson maintains that man is the only animal that can suffer pain, and that man alone suffers because he alone can know what he feels. One would like very much to believe this, but to most of us it will be impossible. And, being impossible, one is sorry that Mr. Kay Robinson should have given publicity to a theory which may result in an increase of cruelty to animals. For, whether animals feel pain or otherwise, it is quite certain that brutal people find some devilish satisfaction in ill-treating them. It is difficult to walk through any street in London without seeing a horse ill-treated. Mr. Robinson has provided these bullies with a plausible defence.

THE SERIOUS ILLNESS OF MR. J. L. TOOLE:

THE GREATEST OF THE OLD COMEDIANS IN MANY PARTS.



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THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. TOOLE.



MR. TOOLE IN A DÉSHABILLE PART.



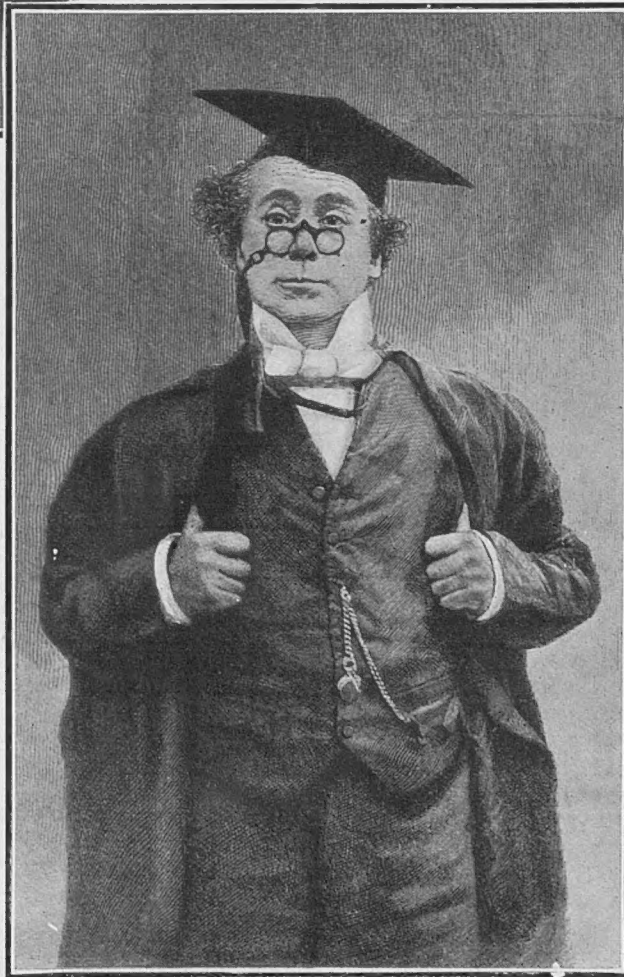
MR. TOOLE IN THE PART THAT MOVED HIM MOST; CALEB PLUMMER IN "DOT," THE DRAMATIC VERSION OF DICKENS'S "CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."



MR. TOOLE AS PAUL PRY.



MR. TOOLE IN "WALKER, LONDON."



MR. TOOLE IN "THE DON."



MR. TOOLE IN "PAW CLAWDIAN."

Photographs by the London Stereoscopic, Elliott and Fry, Falk, and Lyddell Sawyer.

ACTOR-MANAGERS AS THEIR OWN DRAMATIC CRITICS.

Madame Jane Hading on Her Season at the Coronet Theatre.

IT is very difficult to bring myself to accept the kind invitation of *The Sketch* and write about the work my comrades and I have been doing during the last week and will continue to do at the Coronet Theatre until the end of next week, when we shall complete the three weeks to which our season is limited. I feel, however, that the difficulty would, if anything, be increased were I to refuse to do so, for almost the hardest thing in the world is to refuse a gracious invitation.

On the other hand, I approach the task with much the same nervousness as that with which I approach the performance of a new part, for this is my début as a dramatic critic. The ordeal is, however, greater when one remembers that, in a new part, one is already provided with the words one has to speak, words which have been dexterously chosen by a skilled writer, while in this case I have to be my own author. Alas! Monsieur, I find it very difficult.

Let me speak, then, of our first week's programme, which consisted of "Le Demi-Monde," "Le Maître de Forges," and "La Châtelaine." All three plays are well known to London audiences, for they have been acted here before. "Le Demi-Monde" was originally produced by the Comédie Française at the Gaiety Theatre during that memorable engagement in 1879 which established so many French artists as favourites of the British public. It represents Dumas at his best, but it has not, so far as I am aware, been adapted to the English stage, and perhaps its temperament is unsuited to your audiences.

With "Le Maître de Forges" and "La Châtelaine" the case is, however, entirely different. The former has become almost a classic with you ever since it was adapted by the genius of your own Mr. Pinero to furnish Mrs. Kendal with an opportunity of swaying her audiences by her great emotional power. "La Châtelaine" is known to your audiences through its production by Sir Charles Wyndham. For both these plays I have a peculiar partiality, seeing that I created the heroine in each of them.

One of the remarkable things I have noticed in connection with my recent tour in the English provinces, as I have noticed it in my engagements at the Coronet, has been the way in which audiences follow the plays. It is not merely that the public is interested in the development of the story as a story, but we have also observed the ease with which it seizes the fine points of the dialogue, and the appreciation it gives to the actors' expression of those delicate shades of thought by which the player makes his effect. If I may permit myself to say so, it speaks very highly for the present education of the English people, for it shows as nothing else can that they are studying our language, and studying it well. It is this which helps the artistic *entente* between our people and yours. Always in England now I am struck by the fact that people no longer go to French plays because, as may have been the case at one time, it is the fashion to do so, but their visits are animated by the desire to see French acting in French plays. At the same time, it has always seemed to me that those plays go better which the audience has had the opportunity of already seeing in their own language. It is, however, difficult, in the first place, for any French

actor to confine his efforts to pieces which have already been adapted to the English stage, and in the second, it is hardly necessary.

The chief novelty of my season is, I need hardly say, "Le Retour de Jerusalem," which we produced for the first time on Monday evening, repeated it last night, and are acting again this afternoon and on Saturday evening. The heroine was originally played by my comrade, Madame Simone Le Bargy, who was acting at the St. James's Theatre with Mr. George Alexander a year ago. By reason of its name, many people assumed that it was a religious play, whereas it is a very modern work, written by M. Maurice Donnay with all the brilliancy and verve for which he is celebrated. It might almost be described as a problem play

in which the eternal triangle of the woman and two men gets a new turn, since at the fall of the curtain it suggests that the triangle is, by an emotional process unknown to the mere mathematician, about to have another angle introduced into it, though it does not convert the figure into a square.

Briefly speaking, Judith, the heroine, is a woman of a high intellectual order, with a strong will, who, having married a man considerably less highly endowed than herself, becomes deeply interested in the career of an author whose wife, admirable and good woman as she is, is quite commonplace, and does not understand or appreciate her husband's work. Through sympathising with that work Judith and he become so much to each other that they eventually run away and go to Jerusalem, whence the play derives its name. On that eventful expedition she discovers that her partner has not sufficient will-power to please her, and she perhaps thinks of starting housekeeping with someone more sympathetic and more highly endowed when the curtain falls.

The play, I may say, shows the remarkable advance which has been made towards a certain freedom of expression which is of recent growth even in France. Five years ago, I think, M. Maurice Donnay would have omitted certain expressions he has put into the mouths of his characters, for they would assuredly have offended French audiences, who, however, seem to demand those particular witticisms at the present time. English men and women, however, need not be afraid of hearing them, for before the book was submitted to the Lord

Chamberlain for his licence these expressions were carefully pencilled out. They in no way affect the play. These alterations are exceedingly slight, for they naturally involve only the elimination of a line or two here and there.

Of my comrades I have left myself but little space to speak. They are all, I need scarcely say, accredited actors in Paris, drawn, for the most part, from the Odéon, Gymnase, and Vaudeville Theatres. The women are as pretty as they are talented, and the way they dress will not be without interest to the female portion of the audience, representing as they do the most modern mode of the City of Light. The actors have been specially chosen, and I have with me M. Arnaud, who made so great a success on a previous visit with me, while M. Rouyer, who is making his début in England, will, I feel sure, be accepted before my engagement is over as a fine *jeune premier*, his acting being marked by deep sincerity, fire, and a close observance of life.



MME. JANE HADING,
NOW APPEARING
AT THE
CORONET THEATRE.

Photographs by Reutlinger.



A SOCIETY WOMAN'S BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA:
THE NEW ATTRACTION. "L'AMOUR."



SIGNORINA ENRICA VARASI
IN "L'AMOUR."

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2. A TABLEAU FROM "L'AMOUR."

SIGNORINA MARIA BORDIN
IN "L'AMOUR."

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Photographs by Campbell-Gray.

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he has sent a capital Norfolk hackney, and these are all to be used in the Coronation festivities. Thanks to the Lord Mayor of London's initiative, her Majesty's own countrymen and countrywomen have subscribed for a worthy gift to the bright and clever royal lady who was always so much beloved in the land of her birth.

Royal Guests. King Haakon and his Consort will entertain a notable company of royal personages. There will, of course, be no crowned head among them, for it is not etiquette for a reigning Sovereign to be present at the coronation of a brother monarch, but there will be the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Henry of Prussia, as well as special missions from France and the United States. Most pathetic, however, is the absence of any representative of the venerable King of Sweden. This does not mean any ill-feeling between the two countries once so closely united, but simply that King Oscar cannot bring himself to nominate any member of his family to be present at the taking of the Coronation oath in the very cathedral where he himself took it, as King of Norway, some thirty years ago.

"T. P.," M.P. In the House of Commons "T. P. O." is a general favourite. Although terrible in public speech, he is good-natured and friendly in private life. It is his business to know everybody, and almost everybody knows him. He is as familiar with the Tory aristocrat as with the representative of Labour; he chats with Mr. Balfour and takes the Prime Minister by the arm.

There is only one member with whom he is not on speaking terms—the statesman whom in days of passion he likened to Judas. Personal popularity has greatly assisted Mr. O'Connor in piloting the Music Copyright Bill. If he had not powerful friends on both sides, he would have been unable to overcome the hostility of Mr. James Caldwell, who is now Deputy-Chairman of Committees.

Saving the Situation. To-day the Lincoln Triennial Musical Festival opens. May there be no such dis-

SMALL TALK of the WEEK

NEXT Friday (June 22) will see the Coronation of King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway. The Norwegians are a democratic folk, and the ceremonial will be impressive mainly on account of its simplicity—the solemn, religious ratification of the people's choice of their Sovereign. King Edward's gift to his son-in-law takes the form of a magnificent carriage and horses; while to his daughter, Queen Maud,

concerting mishap as attended the Leeds Festival of a few years ago! The great orchestra and chorus were in their places, the audience filled the hall, Sir Arthur Sullivan was at the conductor's desk, all but one item was ready for the performance of "Elijah"—there was no contralto! By some extraordinary mischance Madame Clara Butt had been prevented from appearing in time. Sullivan looked in despair at the other performers and in misery at the audience. A gleam of hope suddenly illumined his face. He espied Miss Ada Crossley in the audience. He beckoned her to the platform and begged her to take the contralto part. She agreed, and without one moment of preparation entered upon her task. She succeeded to perfection. The first person to congratulate her at the interval and beg her to conclude the work was her great friend and generous rival, Madame Clara Butt herself, now arrived in time to witness the triumph of her substitute.

Temperance with a Vengeance.

Mrs. Henderson, whose action in pouring all away the contents of a priceless cellar has provoked so much comment and mingled approval and ridicule in the United States, has but followed the example of many noted British temperance reformers. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is credited with having done the same thing, and it must be admitted that, from the total abstainer's point of view, Mrs. Henderson's sacrifice is the logical outcome of her views. Such a fortune as that of Mrs. Henderson's devoted to the temperance cause would make an effect on even so vast an area as the United States.

The Best Nursery for Brains.

In entertaining Mr. Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to-day, the Lord Mayor affords his guest an opportunity of which he has desired to avail himself—the opportunity to meet the great bankers of the City. He will not, as did Lord Randolph Churchill, walk the streets for an hour before screwing up courage to meet the lions of finance. He is not built that way. Moreover, he regards himself somewhat in the light of a Londoner. It was to the City of London School that he came first to set his foot upon the ladder; it was there that he mastered book-keeping; it was there that he first learned the rudiments of debate. Since then Mr. Asquith has told us how much he owed to his



DOWN ON DRINK: MRS. JOHN D. HENDERSON, OF WASHINGTON, WHO SACRIFICED HER CELLAR TO HER PRINCIPLES.

Mrs. Henderson's views on temperance are so rigid that she recently sacrificed her cellar, a very fine one. With great solemnity she poured the whole contents of the casks and bottles down the drains.

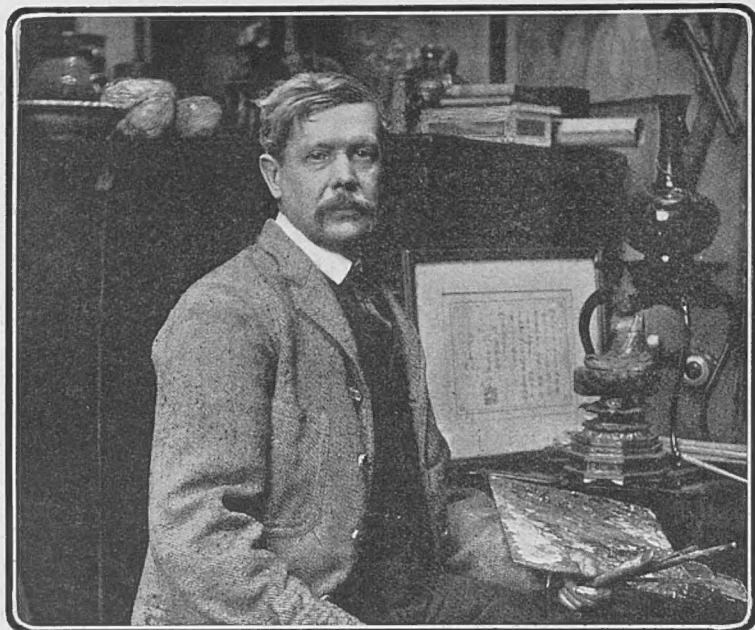
Photograph by Reals



A REGAL BILLYCOCK: KING SISOWATH OF CAMBODIA'S MAGNIFICENTLY DECORATED BOWLER.

King Sisowath has come to the Marseilles Exhibition, where he will superintend his wonderful troupe of ballet-girls. In full state his Majesty wears a hard felt-hat decorated with orders and a ball, like an artilleryman's helmet.

Photograph by the Universal Photo Agency.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF "R.B.A.": MR. ALFRED EAST.

Beside Mr. East in the photograph appear his Japanese diploma and a figure of Buddha. The new President's work has been greatly influenced by Japanese art.

Photograph by Mills.

City of London schooldays. The late Dean Bradley was rather shocked to see how the City boys, with those of Manchester, carried off the great scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, throwing out the more famous schools. But Mr. Asquith declares that it was not only to the work done in the class-room, but to his daily walks through the crowded City, by the river with its manifold active life, to visits to the Cathedral and Abbey, to the National Gallery and the Houses of Parliament, and the daily contact with actuality and reality that he owed that early success in life which has since carried him so far.

A Political Wedding.

One of the pleasantest features of our political life is the way in which both great parties delight in those human happenings which make the whole world kin. Of these weddings are, of course, the most popular, and both Liberals and Tories unite in congratulating Mr. Harrison-Broadley, the member for the most sporting division of Yorkshire, on his son's marriage to lovely Miss Rosalind Dugdale, the youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. Stratford-Dugdale, of Gordon Lodge, Aboyne. This wedding is to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on June 27. Miss Rosalind Dugdale and her sister are well known at Prince's for their beautiful skating, and recently won the Count de la Feld's bronze trophy for pair-skating at that club.

The Napoleon of Theatrical Managers.

M. Antoine, once regarded as the crankiest of theatrical visionaries, has at last come into his kingdom—he has been made manager by the French Government of the splendid if rather gloomy playhouse, L'Odéon, which shares with the Théâtre Français the honour of being run at the expense of the State. Antoine is a marvellous organiser as well as a splendid actor. Still on the sunny side of fifty, he began life in a small way as a clerk in a Paris gas company; but he was a born actor, and while still going on with his daily work he and a few friends founded the famous Théâtre Libre. Hiring a small hall, the group of brilliant amateurs brought out a series of wonderful plays, some of which are now actually part of the repertoire

of the Théâtre Français. At last Antoine felt justified in giving up his clerkship and in turning his attention to the real stage, the more so that his own acting was always one of the attractions of the Théâtre Libre. He has many fervent admirers in this country, and it is good news to know that before taking over the Odéon he will be here next month in order to give a series of farewell performances at the New Royal Theatre.

New Garter Knights.

It is understood that the Prince of Wales will be commissioned to invest both the King of Norway and the Crown Prince of Denmark with the Order of the Garter at Trondhjem. The King of Norway received the Grand Cross of the Bath when he married Princess Maud of Wales ten years ago, but the Crown Prince of Denmark has not hitherto received any English Order, although he has for some time had the Golden Fleece, the Black Eagle, and the high Russian Order of St. Andrew. It is curious, by the way, that although so many foreign personages have received the Orders of the Garter and the Bath, not one has received the high Orders of the Thistle and St. Patrick, which rank next in consideration to the Garter itself. Yet one would have supposed that the Order of the Thistle, from its close association with Scotland, would have been deemed appropriate for the members of the Royal Houses of Scandinavia at any rate.

Amphibious Monsters—of Steel.

Jules Verne, who was one of those magicians of literature who foresaw everything or thereabouts, was, in a certain sense, the father of the submarine. His *Nautilus*, which sped a thousand leagues under the sea, carrying the dauntless Captain Nemo, drew, as we all remember, its electricity from the waves, and gave at least the first general ideas to the constructors of those powerful war-engines of the future. Again, in one of his last novels—completing, if we mistake not, his hundredth book—he describes a fearsome invention,

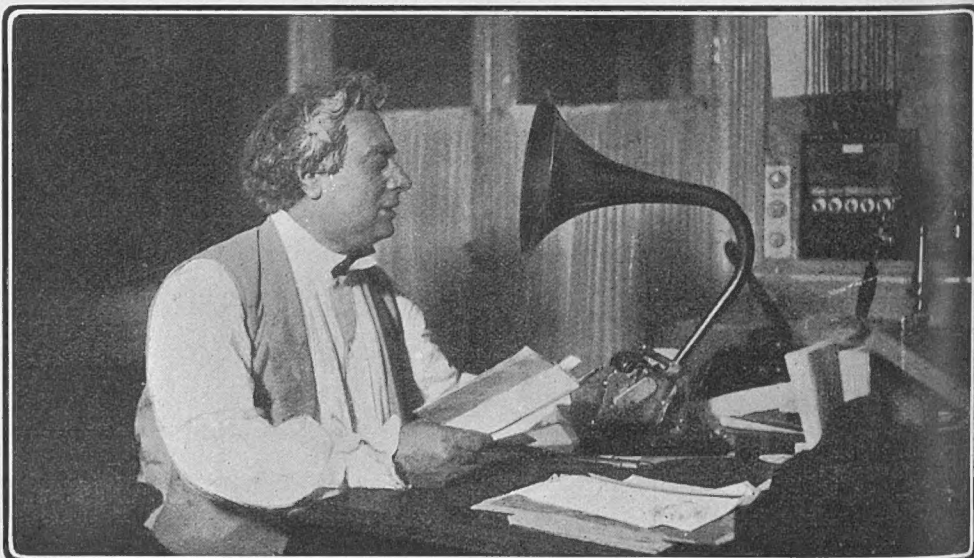
which he calls "the Terror." It rolled upon the land, as an automobile, at a petrifying speed, it soared into the blue as a dirigible balloon, it swam upon the seas with the ease of a turbine-boat. Again he has merely outlined the possibilities of actual engineering. A constructor, M. Vina, has designed a quadricycle which is as handy in the air as upon terra-firma. Nor is he the only inventor of the Continent to claim the conquest of the earth and its encompassing atmosphere. M. Fournier, the great French pilot of automobiles, has fitted wheels to a motor-boat, so that it is available for a journey *per mare, per terram*. Its

machine is equally at home in driving axles or in rotating a screw. Neither of the inventions quite reaches the marvellous powers of "the Terror" of Robur the Conqueror; but it is one march nearer the goal.



A SOCIETY LADY SKATER'S WEDDING ON JUNE 27: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

Photographs by Thomson.



REHEARSING WITH A TALKING-MACHINE: M. ANTOINE, THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE ODÉON.

Photograph by Topical Press.

The Economical Lover. Economy and the tender passion do not go well together—indeed, we once knew a wise maiden who broke off her engagement with a British Peer because she observed that he was stingy with cabmen and railway-porters. This reminiscence is suggested by a passionate "agony" in the *D.T.* It starts well—"Don't think me cur, capble of—that!" So far, he is only capable of economising one "a" in "capable"; but the thrifty instinct immediately asserts itself: "I nvr hd sch idea. Nvr! Nvr sd sch to ny wmn. Nvr!" Somehow, the abbreviations throw an air of suspicion over these eager assurances, and even over the naive confession which follows: "Swore at one once (id) frnt ago, prsn. Drov me czy. Brs no. Shl alws love u same. Yes, utterly, truly, alws." And then he proceeds to address her as "O Dlng!" This is an age of bustle, which has invaded even the tender passion. The next thing will be for this "czy" lover to write—

Ldy, by ynder blssd mn I swr
Tht tps wi slvr all thse frt-tre tps—

A Question of Names. A petition is being signed in Paris asking the Municipality to give the name of Ibsen to a new street. A humorist who was asked to sign replied that he would do so willingly provided that the name of Björn-sjerne Björnson was given to another street, for the purpose, as he expressed it, of annoying the cabmen of Paris.

Alexandre Dumas fils. As a natural result of the unveiling of the statue to Alexandre Dumas fils, a great number of stories are being told about the famous dramatic author. A short time before his death Dumas was in the foyer of the Odéon, and complaining about his increasing infirmities. One of the directors of the theatre remarked that he

was looking very well, and complimented him on having kept his hair. "Yes," said Dumas, "and I have also kept my thirty-three teeth." It is not generally known that Alexandre Dumas fils had an extra tooth, which he looked upon as a sort of mascot, and of which he took the greatest care. As a matter of fact he preserved all his teeth, and when he died the lucky tooth was still sound.

A Question of Pace.

A German statistician has been drawing up comparative tables of the speed of trains and birds. A train which travels at the rate of sixty miles an hour covers about twenty-eight yards in a second, and this is exactly the pace at which a gazelle can

gallop. Racehorses gallop at the rate of twenty-five yards a second, and an ostrich, when it makes use of its wings, can do thirty-six yards, a homing pigeon fifty-five yards, larks eighty yards, and swallows as much as one hundred and fifty yards. This is very nearly three times as fast as an express train, and no one who has seen the ease with which ordinary birds keep up with and dart past a fast train will doubt the worthy German's calculations.

A Chameleon Baby. From America, where all the wonderful things come from, a story reaches us of a chameleon baby. The child lives at Des Moines, Iowa, and is the son of an Indian chief and of a young American. In the early morning the little boy has the pink skin of children of his age, but by mid-day he has changed to a deep copper colour. Then as soon as the sun begins to go down his colour fades, and by nightfall he is quite white. This chameleon-like change of tint is attributed to his mixed ancestry, and the variegated baby is for the time being the most important person in his native State.

Headgear for Horses. The burning question in Paris is whether horses should wear hats or umbrellas. One is bound to say that a horse in a straw bonnet looks ridiculous.

He has the air of a Jane Cakebread or one of those wild Suffragettes that intimidate Prime Ministers. Moreover, it is uncomfortable. He does not get sunstroke, but he suffers from hot head. Now, the ideal headgear for our four-footed friends is the sort that keeps off the sun's rays and, at the same time, allows the breeze that the horse generates in running to cool his fevered brow. To this end, an excellent society in Paris, known as the Assistance aux Animaux, has devised a horse-umbrella. This is a tiny umbrella stuck in the harness between the ears; it protects the fatal spot, and at the same time allows a cool breeze to pass over the forehead. It is an excellent idea, no doubt, yet this talk of costumes for the lower creation is a little disquieting. If the beast begins to dress up, where is his superiority? How is he to be distinguished from man? Parasols and bonnets may be succeeded by sandals and peplums, and after that there is nothing for it but trousers and waistcoats. A Paris dog of our acquaintance has two hats, one—for garden use—of common straw; the other for the house on great occasions, and formed of silk. Needless to say, this spoiled darling wears boots and a beautiful coat provided with a pocket and a handkerchief.

PUNCHED THE KING'S HEAD: FRED ATTRILL, THE OSBORNE GARDENER WHO FOUGHT THE KING AS A BOY. Attrill, who is now 68, was employed fifty years ago at the building of Osborne Cottage. The Prince of Wales used to go down to watch the building, and one day in a fit of mischief he struck Attrill with his stick. Attrill immediately gave the Prince several blows. Attrill was summoned before Queen Victoria, who rebuked the Prince severely. The Queen then gave Attrill the post that he has held ever since.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



A FAMOUS TERRY PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, MISS ELLEN TERRY AND HER SISTER KATE.

The picture, which belongs to Lady Henry Somerset, is at Eastnor Castle.

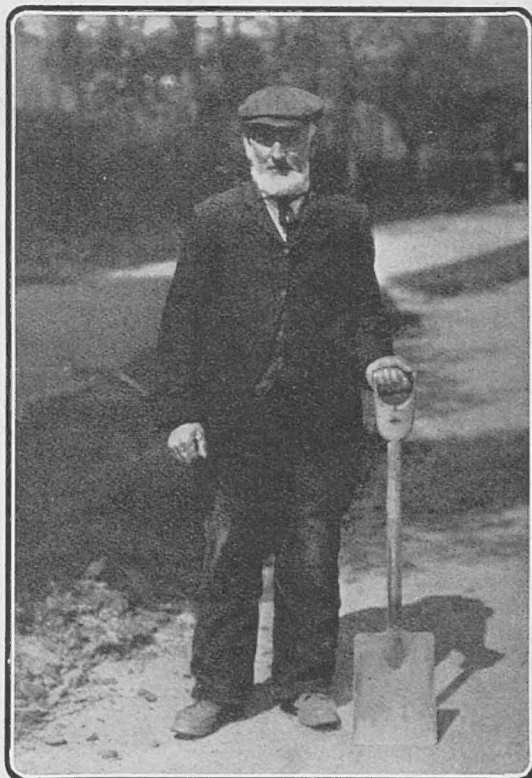
Photograph by the Press Picture Agency.



MISS JOSEPHINE DURAND, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON.

It would be difficult to imagine a pleasanter life of a girl than that of a distinguished diplomatist's daughter. Such a maiden has all the sweets and none of the responsibilities and worries attached to a great Embassy. Miss Durand is, like her father, fond of sport, and a good horsewoman. She speaks French and German as well as English, and can hold her own in serious conversation.

Photograph by Walden Fawcett.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE TERRY MATINÉE—"CYRANO DE BERGERAC"—THE GUILBERT-CHEVALIER MATINÉES—
JANE HADING—"MARRIAGE OF KITTY"—"ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

THE energetic last Tuesday might have heard or seen four of the chief foreign players of the world as well as the flower of the English stage. For Duse, Réjane, Coquelin, and Jane Hading—a quartet of the rare people of whom one speaks, out of respect, without employment of "Signora" or "Madame" or "Monsieur"—were all at the same time in London town. What an affair was the Terry matinée, which crowded the big theatre and caused some people to wait in the street for more than twenty-four hours hoping—some vainly—to get an unreserved seat! It would be indelicate to inquire whether they endured such a vigil mainly out of desire to pay homage to Ellen Terry or because they wanted to get a Gargantuan entertainment without paying much for it. Certainly they had abundance of good things, and will have the joy of boring their friends by boasting that they were present upon the extraordinary occasion of the jubilee of our favourite actress, who promises to delight her admirers for many years to come.

The main thing for the public was that, with half-a-dozen exceptions, which it would be unkind to mention, all our important players and most of our leading dramatists were visibly or audibly doing something in order to celebrate the event, and there were astonishing performances of scraps, remarkable tableaux vivants, as well as a Christy Minstrel entertainment in which all, almost all, the popular low, broad, or light comedians of London indulged in friendly struggle for laughter. Yet the flower of the afternoon was the pathetic scene in which Ellen Terry, after Lady Bancroft's graceful speech, thanked her friends in front and her friends behind for their generous tokens of affection. Who would not be a leading lady with the possibility of such a triumph based on hearty affection? The only complaint one can make concerning such an affair is that it may cause a number

of unapt people to rush upon the stage which can offer such reward, a gratification of a natural desire for popularity and fame, to say nothing of the little plum in the shape of £6000 at a benefit matinée. Yet those who think of rushing in may well reflect upon the fact that such a celebration does not take place as often as once in every decade.

I wonder whether Coquelin has ever had such a triumph. The superficial observer might imagine that an excitable people like the French would easily outdo us in such matters, yet, despite the general opinion as to the characteristics of the two races, one may note that our friends in France are rather more reticent in such affairs. When we do start in business as enthusiasts, we seem to beat everybody. Coquelin, appearing the same evening in "Cyrano de Bergerac," had

of his Cyrano. The company supporting him is excellent, though the ideal Roxane has not yet appeared in London.

Madame Yvette Guilbert's recitals during the last few days with Mr. Albert Chevalier, at the Duke of York's, offered an interesting study, and some very delightful afternoons. Her charm is indefinable, probably depending upon her being entirely and frankly herself. Mr. Chevalier, though primarily the ideal coster, is yet an artist with a remarkable

power of sinking his own identity in the character which he happens to be representing, whether a street conjuror, a curate, an old club man, or a coster; and each artist is in a different way supreme. To the Chansons Crinoline, Pompadour, and Modernes, which we already know, Madame Guilbert has now added a selection of old English ditties, and



ELLEN TERRY AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

proves herself as piquant and vivacious in our language as in her own; and she has unearthed some very quaint and fascinating little songs, which deserve to be better known. Mr. Chevalier draws upon a list popular all over the country, not confining himself to the coster by whom he made his name. In the evenings at the same theatre he is making a great hit by a sincere and moving performance of *Pantalone* in Mr. J. M. Barrie's little play of that name, revived, no doubt, for the purpose of enabling him to show what he can do as a broken-down old artist—a variation upon his own song, "A Fallen Star." At this revival Miss Pauline Chase "mimes" agreeably in the part of Columbine. The main item of the programme is an excellent performance of "The Marriage of Kitty," with, of course, Miss Marie Tempest as brilliant and irresistible as ever in the leading part. Without her the play would be very different; but Mr. Leonard Boyne, Mr. Eric Lewis, and Miss Ellis Jeffreys are also entitled to a large share of the credit.

At the Coronet Theatre another annual visitor from France has arrived, in the person of the admirable actress, Madame Jane Hading, who began her three weeks' season with a fine performance of Dumas' famous play, "Le Demi-Monde," and has followed it up with "Le Maître de Forges" and "La Châtelaine," proving in all that she has lost nothing of her power and charm.

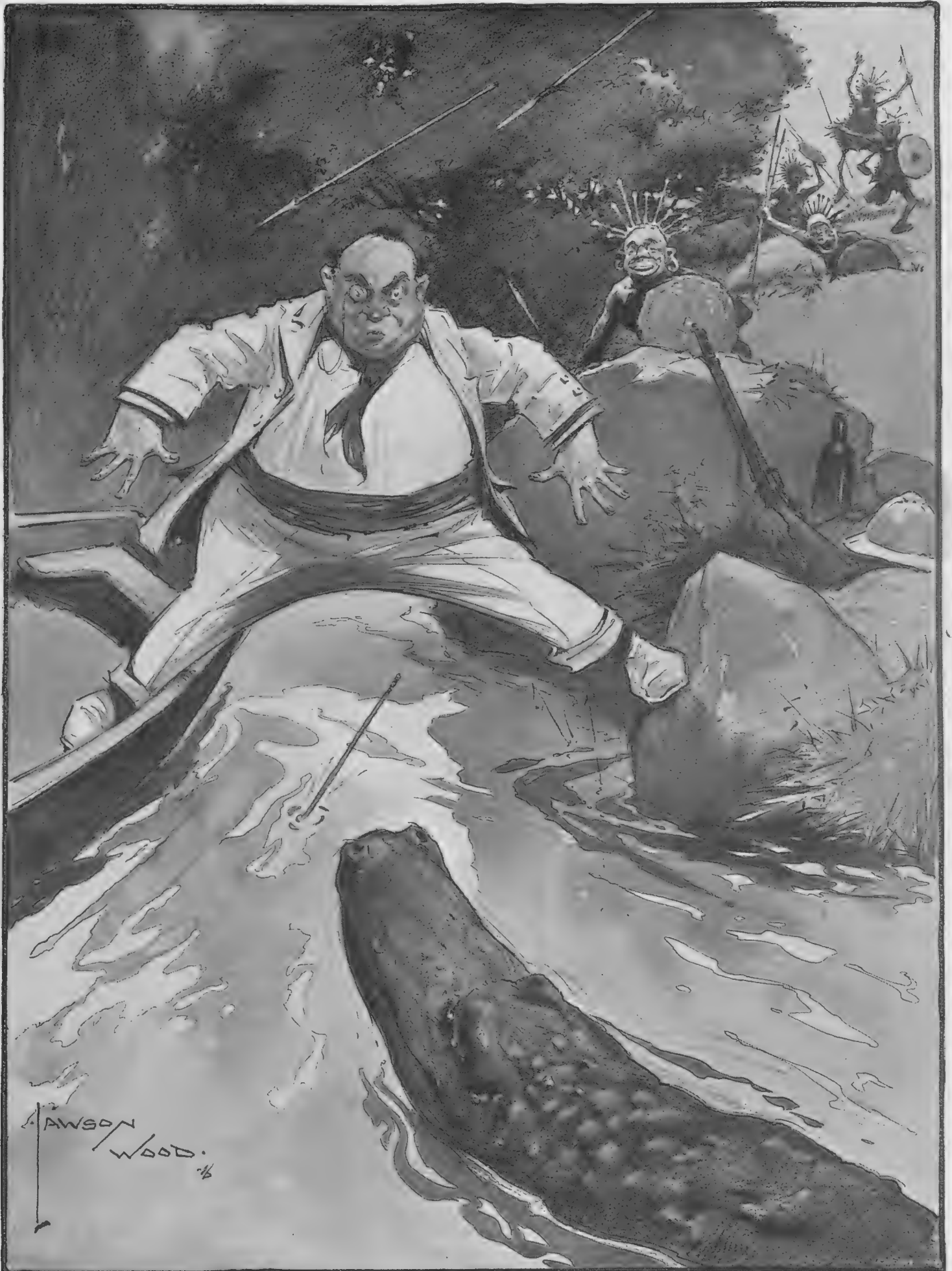
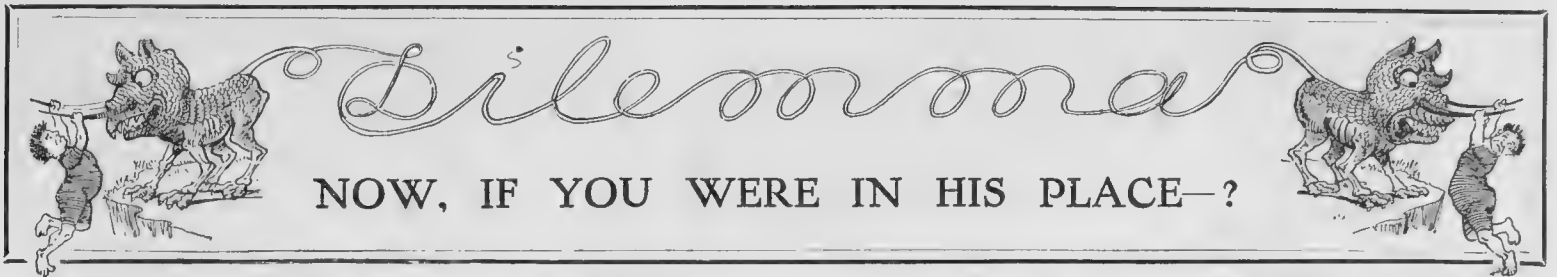
A matinée at the Scala Theatre was the occasion of a careful and elaborate production of Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon"—an interesting and remarkable experiment, which, however, did little more than prove the well-established proposition that a poet is not necessarily a dramatist. The action of the play moves too slowly, is too often interrupted by long speeches for it to have dramatic effect; and very little of the beauty of Swinburne's diction and the glowing passion of his verse could ever be brought across the footlights, even by the most brilliant acting. No audience in a theatre can be carried away merely by the fascination of words and poetic imagery; and though Miss Elsie Fogerty as Althæa, Miss Hazel Thompson as Atalanta, Mr. Gerald Ames as Meleager, all spoke their lines conscientiously and well, they were not able to produce the thrill of tragedy. To set Swinburne's lyrics to music is a very difficult task, and if Miss Muriel Elliott did not accomplish it with quite complete success, there was much in her work which showed dignity, charm, and power of invention.



A DASHING BREECHES PART: MISS N. DE SILVA AS PAUDHEEN IN "BOY O'CARROLL," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

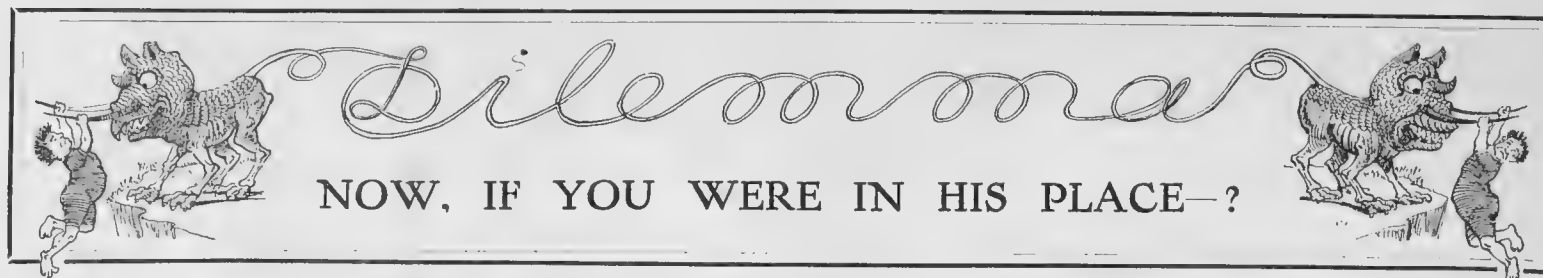
Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

the comfortable reflection that, as far as we can judge, he is solidly linked to immortality. Rostand's play, from several points of view, is more noteworthy and certainly of longer life than any new piece in which Ellen Terry has appeared, and the author's dedication of his play to the actor gives him a unique position. His acting at the New Royalty certainly explained the popularity



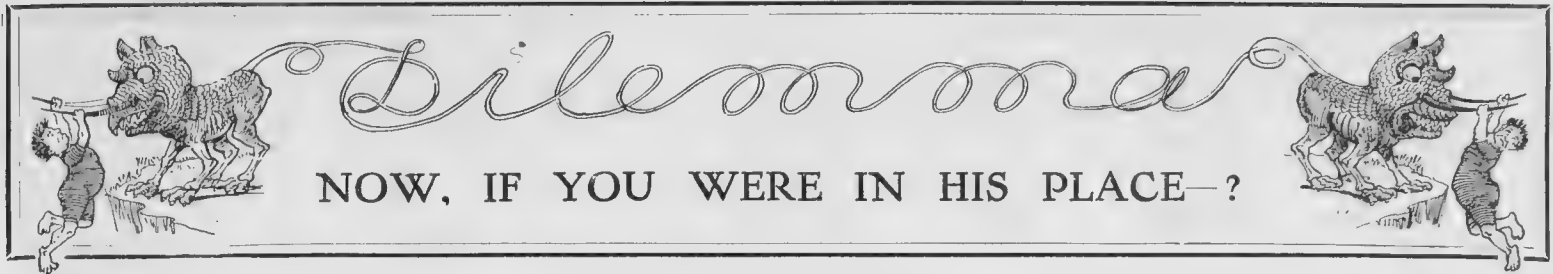
POSITIONS THAT ARE POSERS.—No. 1. IMAGINED BY LAWSON WOOD.

If you were seeking to escape from cannibals and were left with one foot on a slippery rock and the other in a boat that was drifting seawards, while a crocodile waited joyfully for you to fall, what would you do? Would you try to land and risk forming an entremets for the savages, or would you trust yourself to the dainty palate of the crocodile?



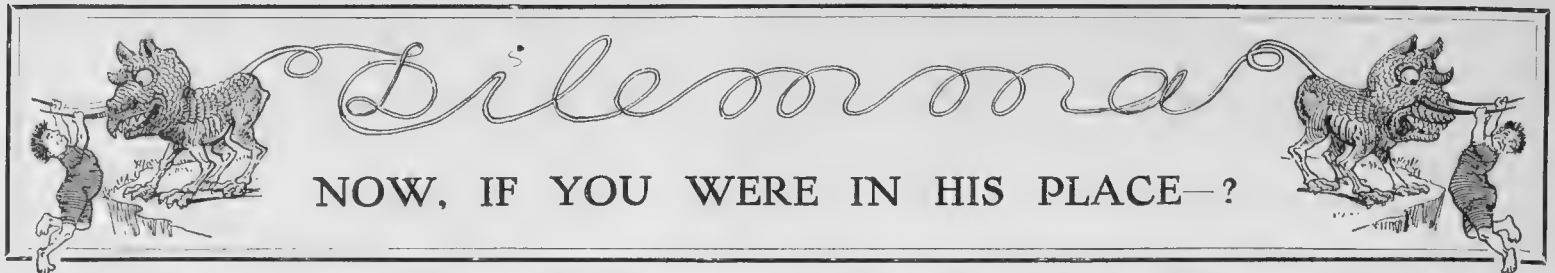
POSITIONS THAT ARE POSERS.—No. II. IMAGINED BY JOHN HASSALL.

If your canoe upset, you could not swim, and the only "rock of refuge" was a buoy holding the target at which the Channel Fleet was making record practice, what would you do? Would you trust to your hair alone being "cut," or would you brave the perils of the briny?



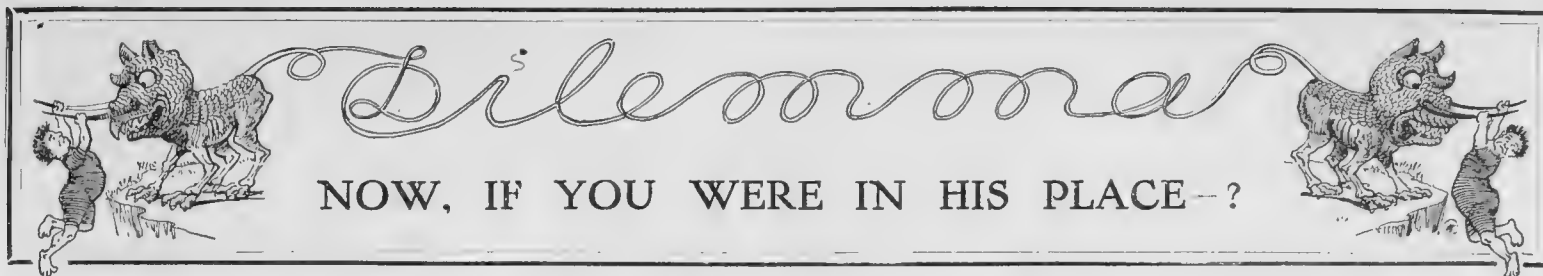
POSITIONS THAT ARE POSERS.—NO. III. IMAGINED BY RENÉ BULL.

If you were the local mayor, unable to swim and jealous of your dignity, and found yourself drifting to sea in embarrassingly scanty clothing, while a crab had you by one foot and a picture-postcard photographer sought to snapshot you, what would you do? Would you sacrifice your self-respect for ever by uncovering your face and letting the photographer immortalise you while you scotched the crab, would you endure the claw, or would you jump into the sea?



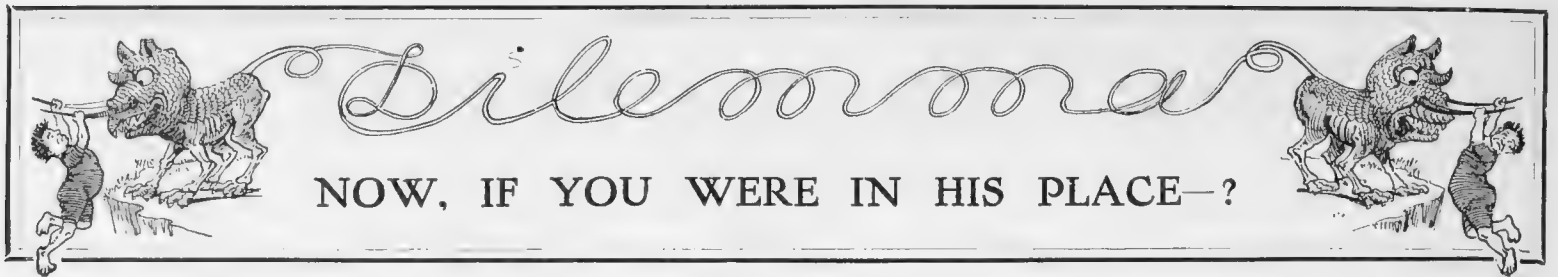
POSITIONS THAT ARE POSERS.—NO. IV. IMAGINED BY STARR WOOD.

If you had half a minute to make your connection with the express, and your bag burst open and scattered its contents, what would you do? Would you gather up your luggage, miss your train, and have to wait nine hours for the next, or would you leave your goods and chattels to the mercy of whoever might find them



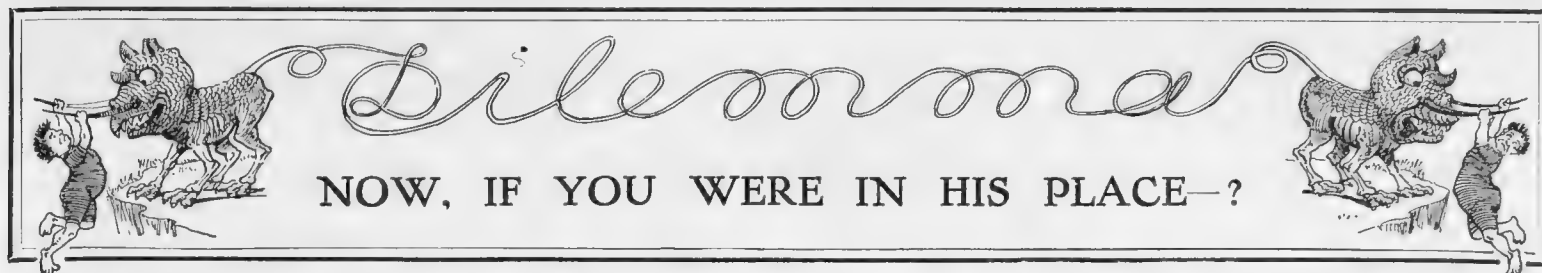
POSITIONS THAT ARE POSERS.—NO. V. IMAGINED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

If, when you were about to leave for home after the holidays, with only fourpence-halfpenny and your return railway-ticket in your pocket, you were met by ten of the servants of your hotel with joyful faces and expectant palms, what would you do? Would you divide the contents of your bag between them, would you give them any superfluous jewellery you had, would you give them I.O.U.s, or would you run the gauntlet and endeavour to look as though you could not see them?



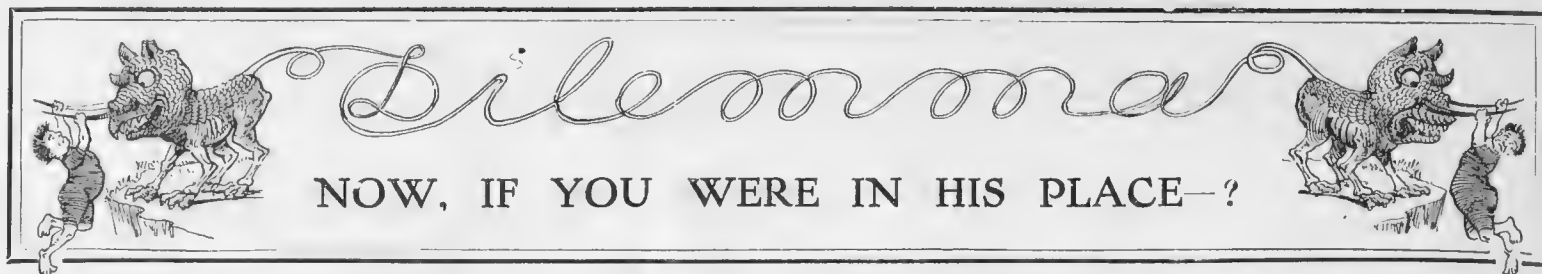
POSITIONS THAT ARE POSERS.—No. VI. IMAGINED BY G. L. STAMPA.

If you were chased by a bull and your retreat was cut off on the one hand by a runaway horse, on the other by an express train, what would you do? Would you re-imb the fence, let the bull do its worst, be run over, or meet death on the line?



POSITIONS THAT ARE POSERS.—No. VII. IMAGINED BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

If you were up a tree, with four lions waiting to add you to their food-supply, while a swarm of mosquitoes stung you whenever and wherever possible, and monkeys, resenting your invasion of the home of your ancestors and regarding you as a decadent, tested the thickness of your skull with cocoanuts, what would you do? Would you descend and seek to soothe the savage breast of the savage beast, or would you keep your perch and be stung or beaten into insensibility?



POSITIONS THAT ARE POSERS.—NO. VIII. IMAGINED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

We confess that we do not know what you could do.

N.B.—The Editor does not solicit replies to these pictorial conundrums, as he is satisfied with his own theories concerning them.



POST MORTEM

By OWEN OLIVER.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. DAVIEL.

Steele drew another temperature chart—fever, with the line running up high and coming to a sudden stop. We knew it.

"You needn't call it an inquest unless you like," he offered; "but I'm not going to settle this by myself. Shall we do it here and now?"

The Colonel glanced at him under his thick eyebrows and nodded, and the Second in Command nodded, and I nodded, and the Adjutant nodded.

"But I don't know what it's all about," he protested.

"Neither," I said, "do I."

"I think," said Steel, "the Colonel and the Second could guess. Perhaps you'll put the case, Colonel?"

"It's no use putting guesses," the Colonel objected, "and I've no wish to put any case at all. You've asked for it. Go on."

"Very well," Steel lit a cigarette, took a few slow draws, and threw it impatiently away. "I don't want to put the case either, but—it's this: Warren was to have married Miss Craven this morning. If she didn't mind, there was no reason why *he* should." Steel shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly, and the Second in Command drew himself up rigidly.

"He was my friend," he remarked, with the ring of combat in his voice. He knew that we didn't like Warren.

"I was merely disposing of the theory of suicide," Steel explained. "I know he was your friend, and—I'm sorry. A quarter of an hour after he was due at the church, he is found dead, apparently of heart-failure. He *did* die of heart-failure. Most people do; but we only call it that when we can't find any reason why the heart failed—except the sheer perversity of everything human! The symptoms allow me to put it down to that. They also allow me to put it down to another cause—only one. That cause is the inhaling of a certain drug. It isn't known to European medical science, and I'm not going to make it known. They know it well enough in India—Warren came from India; so did Miss Craven."

"I object to that remark," I interposed. "Miss Craven is a friend of mine, and very nearly the nicest girl at the station; and she was engaged to him. There's no need to drag her in."

"That," said the Colonel, "is the question, I take it?" He looked at Steel; and Steel nodded.

WE were sitting in the mess-room when Steel of the R.A.M.C. came in from the post-mortem examination. The air was hot, and the punkah seemed blowing it hotter, but no one had called for a drink. The silence was hard to break.

The Colonel did not look down from the ceiling, and the Second in Command did not look up from the floor, when Steel entered, and the Adjutant and I did not say anything. Neither did Steel, only breathed sharply between his teeth and made a little clicking sound in his throat.

"What did he die of?" the Adjutant asked at length; and the Colonel looked down quickly, and the Second in Command looked up. Warren of the Artillery had been late for his wedding with Miss Craven that morning, and when they went to look for him they found him dead in his bungalow, staring hard at nothing, as if he saw death come. It was the Second in Command who went in first. They had always been friends. You could count Warren's friends on the fingers of one hand.

"What did Warren die of?" Steel drew with his finger on the table, as if he were making a temperature chart. "That is what I want you fellows to tell me."

The Second in Command sat up sharply, and the Colonel leaned forward, with his under lip on his finger and thumb, like the doctor in Fildes' picture.

"A doctor never knows, of course," he said, with some undercurrent of meaning that I could not follow; "but it's his business to pretend that he does."

His eyes and Steel's met. The Colonel has strong eyes, but Steel's are stronger.

"If the doctor *won't* pretend," he retorted, "there's an inquest."

"Good heavens, man!" the Second in Command jerked out, "you're not going to have any foolery of that sort?"



They found him sitting in his chair with her portrait just in front of him.

"The whole question," he said, shutting his mouth with a snap.

"Surely——" the Second in Command began; and stopped.

"It's jolly rot," cried the Adjutant indignantly. "You don't mean to suggest that anyone could suspect her of—of——" He caught the Colonel's eye, and stopped with his mouth half open; and the Second in Command shifted his head from one hand to the other.

"Is there any need to go on with this?" he asked. "He—he was my friend; and he was engaged to her, and—— Suppose she broke it off, or anything, and that upset him? He'd rather us leave things alone. What's the good of going into it, Steel?"

Steel set his lips and contracted his forehead once or twice, and tapped slowly with his fingers on the table.

"If it were just a case of breaking it off—and she *didn't* care for him—I'd leave it alone, right enough. Look here! I found Warren's little dog curled up behind the curtains, stone dead. Heart-failure, too. Funny little beast he was. Remember how he used to howl when Warren fussed over her? There was just a faint scent about the room when I noticed carefully, like the odour of lilies when they're going off a bit. That's the way the stuff smells—afterwards. No one has ever told how it smells at the time."

The Colonel lit a cheroot. His grey hand shook a trifle. The Second shifted his head again. The Adjutant and I stared at one another.

"You've nothing to connect her with it," he said hotly. "I don't believe it."

"No," said Steel slowly. "I've nothing to connect her with it,



Steel lit a cigarette.

except that I don't think she wanted to marry him. I don't blame her for that." The Second looked up for a moment like an angry tiger. "Tastes differ; and he wasn't *my* friend. Anyhow, she *didn't* care for him, and—very likely there isn't anything in it, but—I noticed a curious look on the Colonel's face when he told her; and a curious look on her face when she looked at him. Can you tell us, Sir?"

The Colonel turned the cheroot round in his fingers and inspected it as if it were a doubtful recruit on parade.

"There may be nothing in it," he said; "and she's a woman, and entitled to the benefit of every doubt that we can give her. I needn't ask you to remember that. I wasn't going to say anything, but I'm like Steel. I don't care to settle this by myself. I was on the staff at Simla, as you know, a year ago, before I got the battalion. Warren was there then. So was she. So was a fellow named Mordaunt, Indian Civil. Uncommonly nice chap. Young and good-looking; and best pig-sticker I ever met. She was engaged to him. Most awful spoons I ever saw. Warren was sweet on her too, but he hadn't

a chance. He took it awfully well, and was very friendly with them; but everyone knew he was hard hit. The morning of the wedding Mordaunt died, like Warren. Heart-failure too. The sort of fellow you might have backed to live to a hundred. They found him sitting in his chair with her portrait just in front of him. Her portrait! She took it awfully hard, and nearly died. Begged every little thing out of his room to keep. 'They shall stop with me all my life,' she told me when I spoke to her about it—she was just the age of my daughter—and remind me. May God forget me if ever I forget!' She kept them in her room after she was engaged to



"She shall hang for it!" He struck his big hand on the table.

Warren even; and Steel is right. She *didn't* care for him. She'll never care for anybody but Mordaunt. God forgive us if we misjudge her!"

"I don't misjudge her," I stated hotly. "The idea is preposterous. Why should she kill a man because he was going to marry her? If there weren't—someone else—I'd take the risk myself."

"And I," added the Adjutant stoutly. "Best little girl in the garrison. You've nothing to connect her with it, Colonel—nothing. Poor little girl!"

The Colonel relit the cheroot and looked hard at the Second—so hard that our eyes had to follow his. The Second shifted his head again and gave a soft little groan, like the sound that he made when Steel set his collar-bone after his fall at the steeplechase.

"I didn't look at it like that at the time," he said huskily, "when I—I went in. I thought perhaps she'd given him up at the last moment, and—and—he wouldn't like it talked about, and she wouldn't. But I didn't care about her. It was—well, we'd always been friends, he and I. Perhaps I understood him better than some of you; and—anyhow, I put it in my pocket, and—It's cursed hot." He paused and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"It is cursed hot," I agreed; "and what the hot—do you mean?"

"I mean—this."

He pulled a stout brown cardboard box out of his jacket pocket—a box of the size that might have held a locket, or a trinket or two; and a torn wrapper of white paper that had gone round it. He pieced the edges of the paper together on the table. His hands were too unsteady to lay them quite straight, and Steel smoothed the jagged edges out, and fitted the letters neatly together; and this was what the writing said, in Miss Craven's pretty, pointed hand—

In memory of my wedding morning.—SYLVIA CRAVEN.

"Poor little woman!" said the Adjutant. "Poor little woman!" His voice shook. He was younger than the rest of us.

"Poor little woman!" I echoed. "Some little token—It was just the nice sort of thing she would do. Surely, Steel, you can't make harm out of that?"

Steel took the lid off the box gingerly, and felt it with his fingers.

"If you will notice," he said, as if he were delivering a lecture, "the edges of the box have little frills of wadding to make it airtight. It would keep the vapour in till it was opened under anyone's face, and then—heart-failure! Smell the dying lilies. There's nothing left to hurt now. You needn't be afraid of it."

"Lilies?" I questioned, but my voice sounded doubtful, even to myself. "Are you sure? All flowers smell much alike when they're dying. And suppose she did send him some flowers?"

"She didn't send him flowers," said Steel. "She sent him—this!" He held up a miniature, with his fingers covering the face.

"I don't know who it is, or why she sent it; but I think I could guess."

He removed his fingers suddenly, and the Colonel put up his hands, as if he wanted to escape the sight.

"She's mad," he said. "Mad! We must hush it up somehow. It will do no good—no good!"

I took the miniature from Steel and looked at it. It was the picture of a good-looking young fellow of about twenty-five; a pleasant face, smiling as if he saw beautiful Sylvia Craven, and death and the scent of dying lilies were not in the world.

"It is Mordaunt?" I asked. "The man she was going to marry? And she sent it to Warren on their wedding morning?"

"It is Mordaunt," the Colonel said. "She was very much in love with him, and—I suppose it preyed upon her; and when the time came to marry Warren she couldn't do it. Or else she sent it to show that she was breaking with the past. Or else—or else—You smelt it, Steel, you said?"

"I smelt it," Steel said quietly. "And there was the dog. He would go sniffing about his master to see what was the matter, and. . . . Funny little dog he was. I liked him. . . . And what's to be done?"

There was a long silence, and no one moved except Steel, who fidgeted with the lid of the box, scraping gently with his slender white finger-nail, and wetting the paper which had been pasted over it, where it wouldn't come off.

"She's a murderess," said the Second in Command at last, "and he was my friend. By heaven, she shall hang for it!" He struck his big hand on the table.

"No!" cried the Adjutant sharply. "No! Look here! Steele—Colonel, tell him that—What's the good of hanging her? She—she's such a pitiful, soft little thing. She—oh, my God!"

He buried his face in his hand, and a spot of wet showed through. She used to let him talk to her about a girl in England, whom she knew too—a soft-eyed, soft-haired, soft-hearted little thing, we had thought her—Sylvia Craven.

"She must have lost her reason," I said. "I understand how you feel about it, Sinclair; but she'd never have done it if she'd been in her senses. And she's a woman, and—Let it drop, old man."

"She's not too 'soft and pitiful' to kill a man!" The Second raised his voice furiously. "Two men. I've no doubt Mordaunt was killed in the same way."

"I've no doubt that Mordaunt was killed in the same way," said Steel slowly; "but I don't think it was Sylvia Craven who killed him."

He wetted the lid of the box again, and drew off another scrap of paper.

"Look," he said, and we looked; and we saw this in Warren's writing on the cardboard that Steel had laid bare—

From R. Warren
To Frank Mordaunt
On his wedding morning.

"This," said Steele, "is one of the relics that she took from her dead lover's room; and she understood; and she waited; and she wasn't mad. And it's murder—and she's rid the world of a cursed scoundrel!"

"A cursed scoundrel!" I echoed.

"Thank God he didn't belong to the regiment," said the Colonel. The Adjutant muttered something. It sounded like a sob.

The Second swayed a little in his chair.

"He was—my—friend," he groaned; and then he swayed a little more; and the Colonel caught him by the arm.

"Poor old chap!" he said gently.

Steel drew a temperature chart upon the table—an incomprehensible chart, with lines running wiggly-waggly, up and down, up and down.

"I need not trouble you any more, gentlemen," he said in a professional voice. "I find myself able to certify to death from heart-failure."

He wrote the same certificate for Sylvia Craven; but when he spoke to us he called it a broken heart, and he put a heap of white flowers on her grave. It was his solitary outbreak of sentiment, he apologised.

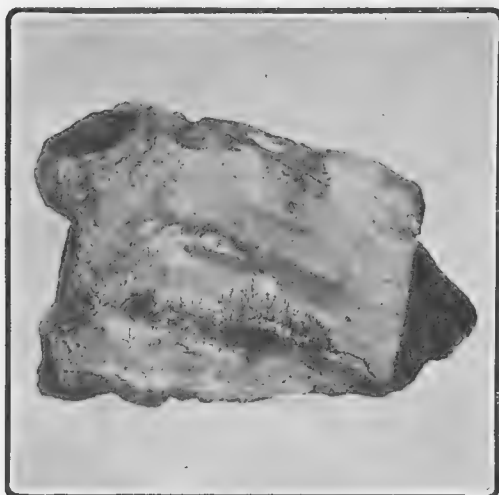
THE END.



Steel put a heap of white flowers on her grave.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



NATURE AS LANDSCAPE-PAINTER: A PICTURE ON A ROCK.

This curious stone, which was discovered at Boissière, near Villiers-Neauphle (Seine and Oise), has all the appearance of a wooded landscape, painted by the infiltrations of oxide of manganese. Similar curious stones exist with pictures of castles, terraces, bell-towers, and even groups of men.



A PICTURE THAT NODS ITS HEAD AND LOOKS SAD.

The altar-piece in the church of San Francesco, at Montona, has been attracting crowds of pilgrims, owing to the rumour that the principal figure in the picture has been seen to move its head and assume a griefed expression.



ONE MAN ONE TRAMCAR AT BEIRA: RICKSHAWS ON RAILS.

The sand is so thick in the streets of Beira that ordinary rickshaws are useless; so the inhabitants have put down their own private tramways. Subscribers have also their own private chairs on trolleys, which are pushed by natives. It is a town where one man one tramcar is the rule.

Photograph by Withington.



A UBIQUITOUS FLOATING CHURCH AT BROOKLYN.

The floating church here photographed is used by the fishermen at Brooklyn. Every Sunday morning it is towed to different points where services are held. The church also makes evangelical tours about the Bay of New York.



A SEA-BEACH SEVEN HUNDRED MILES FROM THE SEA.

This ancient sea-line exists on the Colorado desert. The spot is now seven hundred miles inland. The size of the boulders may be understood by comparison with the three men in the picture.—*Photograph by Shepstone.*



TO SIT HERE YOU MUST BE A CENTENARIAN.

This curious chair stands at one of the entrances to the citadel of Cairo. It was placed there for the gatekeeper, who died aged 125. It bears an inscription, "Only he who by the favour of God has lived a hundred years, may sit here."



A THANK-OFFERING ON THE ANDES: SHELTER-HOUSE COMMEMORATING A LUCKY ESCAPE.

This shelter-house was erected by a party of surveyors who had a narrow escape from death while working in the district. It is used by belated and storm-stayed travellers among the peaks of the great South American range. Its substantial structure is designed to resist the tempests of those lofty regions.

Photograph by Shepstone.



AN ANTI-SEA-SICKNESS DECK-CHAIR.

Short up-and-down movements are given to the chair by means of a small electric motor below the seat. The chair is the invention of Dr. Karl Brendel, and it was tested with much success during a recent voyage of the Hamburg-American liner "Patricia."

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

A MASTER OF IL BEL CANTO: SIGNOR BATTISTINI
AT COVENT GARDEN.



1. SIGNOR BATTISTINI IN "ANDREA CHENIER."

3. IN "PAGLIACCI."

2. IN "LA FAVORITA."

4. IN "LA GIOCONDA."

5. IN "THE BARBER OF SEVILLE."

Signor Battistini, the popular baritone who met with so much success at Covent Garden in the autumn, returned to London last week for the season, and made his reappearance in the name-part of Verdi's "Rigoletto." He will appear in Tchaikovsky's opera, "Eugene Onegin," and perhaps in "Don Giovanni" as well. Battistini enjoys a very great position in the musical world and is a favourite in every capital of Europe. He is presented on this page in some of his chief rôles.

Photographs by Lorenz.



THE BEST LAID PLANS

BY
WALTER E. GROGAN

Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



MY sister has always possessed a great influence over me. Why this should be I am not quite clear. Possibly it is merely force of habit, for she is my senior by seven years. She, however, prefers to attribute it to that other force—of character. Whatever its cause may be, the influence undoubtedly exists. In her hands I am as weak as water, without the liquid's possibility of escape. She married early, a man of no apparent amiability named Brabazon-Burr. Personally, I lean to a belief that the name was his sole attraction in the eyes of my sister. At the end of eight years she was rid of the man—there is a brass tablet in Shenstone Church recording the actual date—but retained the better part, the name, to which she clung tenaciously, despite two acknowledged offers of changing it. She was left with two sons and one daughter and a restricted income. Her management of both children and income was wonderful. The former she checked, and the latter she expanded rigorously. I do not mean by expansion anything so vulgar as adding to her income by direct commercial means. Her plan was to pay long visits to the component parts of her own and her late husband's families. I have known the three children to be domiciled for one vacation in the homes of three distinct branches of the Brabazon-Burrs, while Elizabeth, my sister, thoughtfully superintended my own domestic arrangements. Her superintendence was remarkably thorough.

I am a bachelor, partly from inclination, partly from the thoroughness of my sister's superintendence. I have been fortunate enough to obtain an excellent practice at the Chancery Bar and to become godfather to young Brabazon-Burr. His arrival happened to synchronise with the first distinct smiles thrown by Fortune upon my legal work. To this my sister frequently alludes as a curious coincidence.

For the last four years I had seen little of my sister. This was the period during which she successfully engaged my niece Violet to four men in succession, and triumphantly married her to the last and richest. George Brabazon-Burr, the heir, during his mother's preoccupation with the affairs of his sister, fell in love with a pretty, penniless person, and married her before consulting his mother. If, as he assured me was the case, he had set his heart upon the marriage, he certainly betrayed more wisdom than I expected in postponing the consultation until

after that event. My sister behaved in the eminently practical manner that is a wonder to her family. She badgered a step-uncle, Sir Hercules Stenter, who fills an Under-Secretaryship in a harmless manner, until, through his influence, George was appointed to a magistracy in West Africa. She insisted upon Mrs. George accompanying him. Her reasons were really most virtuous. She rattled off a whole homily on the duties of wives to husbands, when I pointed out that the climate was regarded with some disfavour. "And, Barton," she said, in triumphant conclusion, "you have never been there, and these reports are frequently exaggerated; and Uncle Stenter said it was absolutely the only thing he could manage. You yourself have said George's law is weak. If he stayed here he could do nothing but devil for you. And there is Barton." Barton is the younger Brabazon-Burr, named after me,

Barton Godrington. "There is nothing so deterrent to a young man's prospects as an impossible sister-in-law. Hilda is exactly the sort of choice George would make when my back was turned."

When my sister arrived at my place in Bayswater—I will not adopt the vulgar custom of calling it Hyde Park, although both Birchington and Stanbury, who live on either side of me, do—I confess that I met her in the hall with some concern. Her letter announcing her forthcoming visit was couched in exceedingly affectionate terms. We are not an emotional family. Elizabeth has of late years adopted an epistolary affection that is based upon the needs of the moment, and is therefore variable in warmth. Her letter led me to believe that her needs were indeed great.

After dinner Elizabeth declined to withdraw to the drawing-room. A bachelor's drawing-room is neither impressive nor comfortable—but hitherto during her visits Elizabeth had rigorously patronised it. I believe its manifold disadvantages served her with an armoury of weapons for the discomfiture of my housekeeper, Mrs. Plenk, whom Elizabeth had never forgiven for choosing my establishment instead of her own when, on the death of my mother, our old home was



"This is cosy."

broken up. Mrs. Plenk had kept house for my mother for many years, and is an invaluable housekeeper. She had an honest admiration for my sister—but she chose my house. Being something of a diplomatist—the Godringtons are a little touchy—Mrs. Plenk at the crucial moment asserted that, "A bachelor gentleman was a helpless person, and Miss Elizabeth was well able to take care of herself." Which was perfectly true. The choice, however, always rankled.

"Your den is far more comfortable, Barton," said my sister. "We have not been together like this for four years. I notice some evidence of neglect at Mrs. Plenk's hands—I am always selfishly thankful that she did not come to me; but never mind that now. The den, Barton, and slippers and a cigar."

Elizabeth is apt to be formal. Slippers are with her, a solecism. Therefore I wondered in what way I was to be permitted to exercise the privileges of a godfather. Barton Brabazon-Burr is neither stupid nor clever. I do not think he was ever young, and his views of life are phlegmatically selfish. I had seen him through a rather protracted University career, and he was now reading at my expense in the Inner Temple. There was no immediate prospect of his being called.

"This is cosy," Elizabeth said, thrusting her plump shoulders at the fire with a little shiver, which I presume was meant to be symbolical of delight, but which to me appeared somewhat hazardous, considering the meagreness of her bodice. "We have not had a long chat for four years. I seem to have been too busy; and after George's unfortunate affair I had to rest. Violet was so pleased to have me."

"What is it, Elizabeth?" I asked. "I—I must adhere to my resolution not to have Barton to live with me. I doubt whether I should make a good guardian—and, to be honest, we have little in common."

"It is not that," she answered. "I am sorry you did not see that proposition in an agreeable light. I thought a little youthful company would be good for you. You are at a period of life now when a bachelor slips easily into premature old age." (I am forty-two.) "You live much alone. You ought to have some brightness—an occasional dinner-party. For all necessary occasions I am easily and cheerfully available as a hostess."

"You are very kind," I murmured. Elizabeth looked at me and sighed. There are limits to her influence.

"But that is not the question now," she continued, watching me. "You have possibilities as a thought-reader. You said there was something. To be candid—it is far better to be so between brother and sister," she put out her plump hand and patted mine affectionately—"to be candid, Barton, you are right. I have been grievously disappointed over George—"

"It must have been a blow," I acquiesced.

"But Barton, your namesake, your godson, remains. I have hopes."

"Matrimonial?" I confess I could see the possibility of none other.

"A well-ordered marriage is a great advantage. I am a devoted mother—you know that, Barton?"

"You have spared neither yourself nor others for your children," I agreed. "Poor Uncle Stenter is still shaken over your insistence about George."

"Ah, yes, George, poor fellow! He chose to follow his own course. I did what I could for him. But Barton is different."

"Yes, Barton is very different," I said. I could not imagine Barton obeying a generous impulse to his own detriment.

"You are very friendly with the Doricourts," Elizabeth said suddenly.

I dropped my cigar in my perturbation. In my, I hope, well-ordered life there are few more pleasant episodes than my friendship for the Doricourts. They are wealthy and of good family, but those are the least of their attractions. Mrs. Doricourt—a widow of, if it be permitted to guess, some forty years—is clever and charming, and

her daughter Doris, an only child recently emancipated from the schoolroom, is quite delightful and unaffected. They live rather a cloistered life, so that the position I hold of privileged friend of the family is one I treasure highly. I have always avoided introducing Elizabeth.

"My dear Elizabeth—" I commenced.

"Barton, I don't want to know Mrs. Doricourt." I felt some relief. "I rely entirely upon your judgment. You say that we should be antagonistic. I acquiesce. There are some characters which—which—I am at loss to express myself—which can by no possibility hit it off." The crudity of the expression caused my sister to frown at the fire. "I quite see that all your friends cannot be my friends." I nodded. They were invariably not. "But—Barton, you have influence with Mrs. Doricourt."

"I hardly flatter myself—"

"Tut, Barton! A bachelor invariably has influence with a woman—especially a widow. I want to interest you, and through you her, in a love-story." She looked at me quickly, and, I fear, saw some of my astonishment. "To us middle-aged fogies"—what sacrifices even a modish mother will make!—"love-

stories sound merely amusing. But there is something beautiful, something ennobling in them; they rob the world of some of its worst aspects."

"Good Lord, Elizabeth!" I cried. "Has Barton—"

"I fear you have never understood Barton. Very possibly he is shy with you." If he was he masked it admirably. "He has ideals, he is capable of altruistic love."

"Barton! If you are speaking of George I can follow you to some extent."

"George was a fool!" Elizabeth said tartly. "Barton has met Doris Doricourt at the Merthams, and—I want you to introduce the subject to Mrs. Doricourt."

"Doris is in love with Barton?" I cried, I imagine somewhat incredulously.

"I do not say that. Barton is in love with Doris. He naturally has made no attempt to probe her feelings. They were thrown together a great deal—are now. She has an affectionate regard for you. Barton is persuaded that the affectionate regard is not monopolised by you. He—he is sure that she has shown some encouragement."

"The egotistical young ass!" I cried.

"Barton!"—Elizabeth stared at me frigidly.

"To openly preen himself—I confess I stammered."

"There has always been a sacred confidence between Barton and myself. He is my son." She spoke with dignity. "He is young, handsome, of

excellent family. The Brabazon-Burrs are—"

"Exactly," I said hastily.

"I ask very little of you, Barton. You have, as I say, influence with Mrs. Doricourt. A hint to her that your nephew and godson would like to pay his addresses— This may sound mediæval, but it will weigh with her. The Doricourts are a little prehistoric—"

"They are gentlewomen," I interjected stoutly.

"Exactly, my dear Barton; that is what I said. If Barton goes to Eaton Place as your nephew and godson it will make a difference. Mrs. Doricourt cannot refuse to permit the addresses of your namesake. You see my point?" She smiled at me affectionately.

"Without my interest on his behalf Barton is a penniless young man of no position."

"How clearly you put it! You see the advisability? Of course, you will remember that he is a Brabazon-Burr."

"There is no prospect of my forgetting that fact," I assured her.

"It is good of you, Barton. You have been an excellent brother. I—I am quite grateful."

"I have not promised, Elizabeth," I expostulated.

"But you will. It is merely your habit of legal caution that makes you hesitate."

"I don't half like the business," I said.

"Two hearts, Barton! We must be lenient in our old age. I had my romance," she sighed—which was understandable. Brabazon-



"My dear friend," she said.

Burr was not amiable—"you possibly had yours—years ago. I thought you were fond of Doris; you have spoken of her very warmly. Should you let slip an opportunity of ensuring her happiness?"

Before Elizabeth left me that night I was committed to furthering Barton's prospects with the Doricourts. My sister is an excellent special pleader. She persuaded me—almost—that it was a question of Doris's happiness. In the end I promised to put the proposition as delicately as possible to Mrs. Doricourt. I fear this compliance was the result of my fatal cowardice in the presence of Elizabeth. She paralyses my will. She has, I may add, very much the same effect upon other members of her family. But—there my natural annoyance at the result was mitigated by a sense of small victory—my acquiescence was the basis of a compromise. Elizabeth was not to be an inmate of my house when I spoke to Mrs. Doricourt. Elizabeth assured me that she did not see my point. It was enough for me that I myself did. With Elizabeth's continued influence I was not at all sure to what I might have committed myself. Inwardly I argued that as her absence was essential to my speaking at all, her presence would not be unduly protracted. I was right. In two days my sister had managed to elicit an invitation from the Merthams—who, I have every reason to believe, are not among her admirers—and had gone off to help forward Doris's happiness.

I met Mrs. Doricourt in the dainty drawing-room of her house in Eaton Place with considerable embarrassment. Our friendship had been so lengthy and unbroken, and so based upon mutual esteem that any semblance of duplicity hurt me.

Mrs. Doricourt is a clever woman, and, despite her cloistered life, a woman of the world. I need hardly say that, having owned my unbounded admiration for her, I here use a much-maligned term in its highest and purest meaning. She has the essence of good breeding, ease of manner; she has an acute intelligence, she has graciousness.

"My dear friend," she said, greeting me, "you have long been an absentee. I hear that your sister has been with you."

"Elizabeth is an exacting visitor," I said.

"I have no doubt—from what I hear. Indeed, experience has shown me that. Am I a little acid? My dear friend, I am not hypocrite enough to love those who rob me of my pleasures. Indeed, I have had more than usual need of your clear counsel during the last few days. But we will leave that until fortified by tea."

A difference between the sexes which I have frequently discerned is that, given a topic of importance, a woman will wait the best opportunity for broaching it with a rare and exemplary patience, whereas a man will rush at it bull-headed. My sense of duplicity and Mrs. Doricourt's graciousness—I perceived in it a slight accession of warmth—rendered me nervous. I became precipitate.

"My sister Elizabeth," I commenced, "has been speaking seriously to me. She pointed out that I have been a bachelor for many years." Mrs. Doricourt started, and I thought I detected a slight smile. Could she guess my errand? I wondered. The possibility caused me to flounder on in rather an involved manner that is not usual with me. "That I have an assured position and a really large income—and have no one dependent upon me; that the happiness of a man—" I noticed an accession of colour in Mrs. Doricourt's face, and for the first time in my life a certain embarrassment. Her clear grey eyes, which in conversation are invariably fixed upon the speaker, were cast down, and she plucked at a lace handkerchief. I confess her embarrassment increased mine. The mental distress of a handsome woman is peculiarly disturbing.

"The question of marriage is a grave one," I said, feeling that I was speaking like a sententious ass. "But if a man loves sincerely—" I broke off aimlessly.

"Yes?" she said softly.

"Even if a man has given no earnest of settled purpose," I

continued, feeling more and more awkwardly entangled by my promise, "surely marriage . . . I have known, my dear Mrs. Doricourt, many men the better for a marriage based upon mutual love."

"I—I am inclined to agree with you, dear friend," she answered, with a soft hesitancy very foreign to her usual manner.

"Love, a fervent, honest love"—I felt ashamed of myself for so speaking of Barton's fishlike emotions—"is surely not to be despised."

"Oh, not to be despised, most assuredly."

"It may, I hope, be pleaded in extenuation of any shortcomings."

"The shortcomings may not be discernible," Mrs. Doricourt said. I was astonished. Could she regard with favour the pretensions of my nephew? The idea appeared preposterous. The only reason that could persuade her was reliance upon my judgment. I regretted more than ever my pledge.

"The shortcomings are very discernible," I answered. Mrs. Doricourt smiled at her handkerchief. "I am not the man to lessen them. But if you can believe in his love—"

"I think I can, dear friend," she answered softly, and, raising her eyes, gazed at me. For a moment I was appalled, horrified, prostrated. Mrs. Doricourt had mistaken my blundering preamble on behalf of my nephew's claims for a proposal of marriage on my own part. There was absolutely no room for mistaking the purport of her glance. Mrs. Doricourt, the woman whose friendship had

sweetened many years of my life, and whom I had admired as it is possible for few men to admire a woman, regarded what she had mistaken as my declaration of love with favour. Here was a situation horrible to contemplate. My fatally supine acquiescence with my sister Elizabeth's plans had betrayed me into tricking the secrets of a woman's heart. Mrs. Doricourt, whom I admired—

One may travel a long way upon a road quite unmindful and in the dark, when a sudden flash will measure the distance to one's opened and astonished eyes. For the first time, I was not sure

that I merely admired Mrs. Doricourt. Was the situation horrible? The gentle agitation of her manner thrilled me. How different from her usual placid friendliness! The disturbance of her serenity appeared in some way delightful. I cannot explain why. I had travelled a long way in the dark. The blundering I had made over Elizabeth's plans had struck an unexpected spark. Suddenly I looked back upon past milestones—respect, admiration, esteem, even friendship. Mrs. Doricourt herself, adorably confused—your girl will take a proposal as she will take a proffered sweetmeat, with a half-smile or a moue, but your woman come to forty years has sensibility and sensitiveness, a complete surrender following upon a sober judgment—showed me the milestone I had reached. I was no longer content with friendship. I must have a nobler gift to go in its company.

"Margaret," I said, "I have been lonely for a long time."

"So you have recognised it at last, Barton," she answered, smiling, blushing, shyly audacious.

I asked her—it was later, when a prolonged interview seriously encroached upon the dressing hour—the reason of her wish to see me.

"A letter from Doris. I wish to show it to you. She is staying with the Merthams. It appears—I should have been frank before, because I am aware of your opinion of your nephew—that Barton Brabazon-Burr is pestering her with unappreciated attentions. I thought a hint from you to him might be of service."

I laughed. The fellow's preposterous egoism was amusing. And a while before I was seriously embarked upon furthering his designs.

I wonder how I am to explain matters to my sister Elizabeth?

THE END.



"Margaret," I said, "I have been lonely for a long time."

The Ellen Terry Jubilee Matinée.



"CINDERELLA": MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS A CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

Millais' painting "Cinderella" was once reproduced in colour as the Christmas Supplement to the "Illustrated London News."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

A CAST OF TERRYS AT ELLEN TERRY'S BENEFIT.

Beatrice Terry (niece).
Robin Craig (grandson).Phyllis Terry (niece).
Horace Terry (nephew).

Olive Terry (niece).



Peter Craig (grandson).

Janet Terry Lewis (niece).

Geoffrey Morris (nephew).

Marion Terry (sister).

Kate Terry (sister).

Ellen Terry.

Lucy Terry Lewis (niece).

Rosemary Craig (granddaughter).

Fred Terry (brother).

THREE FAIR AND CLEVER SISTERS AND THEIR KINSFOLK IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

Olive Terry (niece).



Minnie Terry (niece).

Marion Terry (sister).

Ellen Terry.

Kate Terry (sister).

Edith Craig (daughter).

Fred Terry (brother).

Peter Craig (grandson).

Robin Craig (grandson).

SHAKSPERE RALLIES THE TERRY FAMILY TO DO HONOUR TO THEIR GREATEST KINSWOMAN.

Twenty-two members of the Terry family formed nearly the whole cast for the performance of "Much Ado," Act I., on June 12 at the Ellen Terry Jubilee Matinée at Drury Lane. Those not shown in the photographs were Charles Terry, George Terry, Mabel Terry Lewis, and Kate Terry Gielgud. Gordon Craig (son) designed the scenery and arranged the dance.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD EMPANELLED AND CALLED TO THE BAR.

Mr. Mark Kinghorne. Mr. Owen Hall. Mr. Cecil Raleigh. Mr. Henry Hamilton.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton.

Captain Marshall.



Mr. Walter Passmore. Mr. Anthony Hope. Mr. Arthur Collins. Mr. Comyns Carr. Mr. Dion Boucicault. Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Mr. Herbert Waring.
Mr. Acton Bond. Mr. Lyn Harding. Mr. Rutland Barrington. Mr. Martin Harvey. Mr. Henry A. Lytton.

FAMOUS PLAYERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS AS COUNSEL AND JURYMEN IN THE RECORD PERFORMANCE
OF "TRIAL BY JURY" AT THE ELLEN TERRY MATINÉE.

Mrs. Bernard Beere.

Miss Lottie Venne.

Miss Ada Jenoure.

Miss Helen Ferrers.

Mr. Luigi Lablache.

Mr. Herbert Waring.

Miss Mollie Lowell.

Miss Kate Cutler.

Miss Olive Morell.



Miss Phyllis Broughton.

Miss Decima Moore.

Miss Louie Pounds.

Miss Zena Dare.

Miss Agnes Fraser.

Miss Olive May.

Mr. Courtice Pounds (Defendant).

Miss Daisy Atherton.

THE DEFENDANT AND THE BRIDESMAIDS IN THE RECORD "TRIAL BY JURY."

At the Ellen Terry Matinée "Trial by Jury" was played by nearly everybody who is distinguished in the theatrical world. The author, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, played the Associate, as he usually does on such occasions. Mr. Courtice Pounds was the Defendant, Mr. Rutland Barrington the Judge. Mr. Lytton was Counsel for the Plaintiff, and Mr. Walter Passmore was the Usher. The Plaintiff was Miss Ruth Vincent.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios

The Smile of Norway's Royal Son.



A FUTURE KING OF THE SEA-KINGS: THE CROWN PRINCE OLAF OF NORWAY.

King Edward's grandson, the little son of King Haakon and Queen Maud, is the most popular child in Norway. He won the hearts of his father's people the moment he arrived on the day Haakon VII. entered Christiana as King.

Photograph by Wilse.



THE FISHING GIRL



A.C.T.

ANOTHER CATCH.

* * THE ARCHERY GIRL * *



A SHOT AT THE GOLD.

THE TENNIS GIRL



NO FAULTS.

THE CRICKET GIRL



CLEAN BOWLED.

✻ ✻ THE BATHING GIRL ✻ ✻



A SEA ANEMONE.

* * THE CROQUET GIRL * *



AN EASY HOOP.

Photograph of Miss Gertrude Glyn by Bassano; Setting by "The Sketch."

THE GOLF GIRL



A BRASSY SHOT.

* * THE PUNTING GIRL * *



OUT OF THE STREAM.

SISOWATH'S CAMBODIAN CORYPHÉES.



FOREST NYMPHS IN THE CAMBODIAN BALLET AT MARSEILLES EXHIBITION.

Sisowath, King of Cambodia, is to superintend the performances of his own corps-de-ballet at the Marseilles Colonial Exhibition. The dances are founded on the serpent-worship of the Khmers, and on Buddhist and Brahmin rites.



THE DANCE OF NYMPHS: ANOTHER FIGURE IN THE BALLET.

Besides the nymph and serpent dances, there are figures symbolising the White Elephant, in which the souls of the Cambodian princes are believed to be incarnate. The elephant's movements are imitated—oh, irony!—by the light and graceful feet of these Eastern coryphées.

THE BALLOON CURE FOR OVERWORKED ACTRESSES.



MISS GODWYNNE EARLE'S BALLOON TRIP FOR HER HEALTH.

Miss Godwynne Earle, who is now appearing in the Coliseum Revue, has been taking the new air-cure in a balloon. Mr. Spencer, the well-known aeronaut, advised her to make a few hours' ascent every now and then to counteract the effect of hard work upon her nerves. She has made her ascents from Mr. Spencer's balloon depôt at Highbury. Her trips, from which she has benefited greatly, last sometimes for seven hours.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray; and Bowden.

JOAN OF ARC.



THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

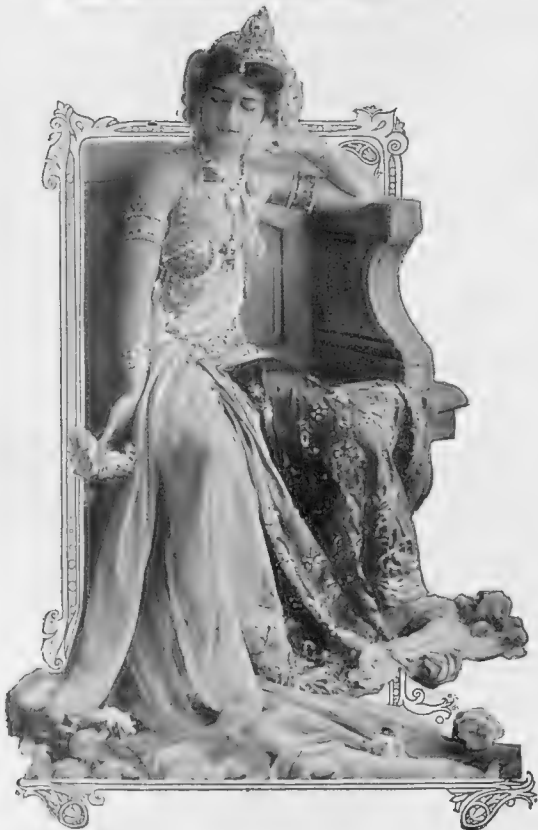
Our Illustration is a Photographic Study of Miss Hilda Hammerton by Bassano.

THE POETRY OF THE ANCIENT DANCE

ON THE MODERN STAGE.



THE DANSEUSE THÉANO (MLLE. RÉGINA BADET) IN ERLANGER'S OPERA, "APHRODITE."



THE DANSEUSE MATA HARI IN A HINDOO POEM.



INVOCATION: THE BEAUTIFUL POSE OF A SUPPLIANT.

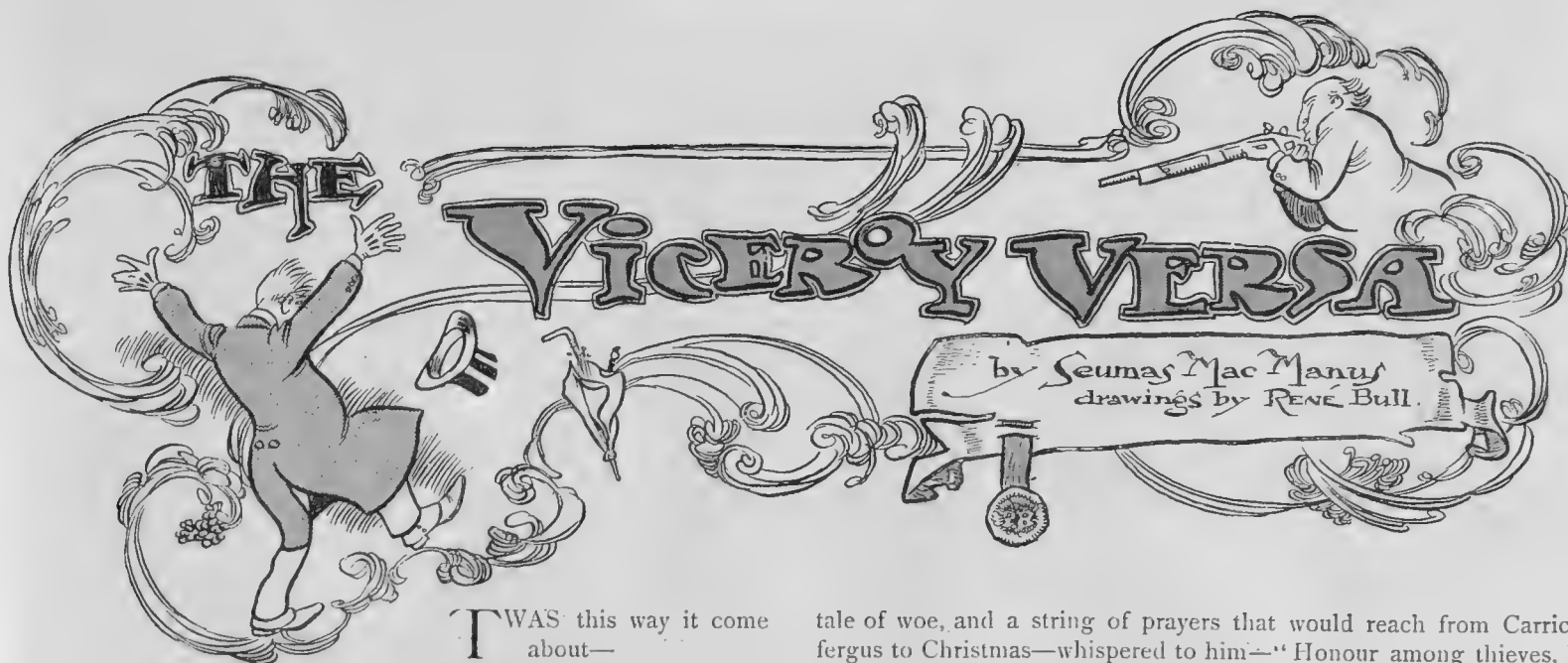


MATA HARI IN AN ELEGIAC DANCE.



RECONSTRUCTION OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN DANCES: THE DANCES OF ANTINOE.

In the opera of "Aphrodite" Mlle. Régina Badet has reconstructed the dances of ancient Greece. There is at present a great vogue for ancient dancing in Paris, and the archaeologists of the Guimet Museum have instituted what may be called a conservatoire of the art. For the dances of Antinoe they have found their authority in some wonderful sepulchral vase paintings which were buried for ages in the sands of Egypt.



T WAS this way it come about—

Ned Hynes—poor Ned, God be with him! he is

under the green quilt this score of years—was in them days the most briefless barrister ever whistled for the breakfast that never came. And 'twas mortal pity it should be so, for he had withinside of him the best heart and the kindest ever clung to man's ribs, and if he hadn't another stiver in the would, would break his last penny to give a distressed fellow the big share; and he'd fare farther and do more for a comrade in a corner that e'er a mortal ever the sun shone on. He was full of divilment as an egg is full of meat. He was the best mimic ever wore a wig, could sing a good song, tell a capital tale, was free of all the jokes and tricks in the calendar, and, as you may well suppose, was in hot water as a chronic condition. Yet, for all that, there wasn't a mortal on the globe's round that was loved better both by friends and enemies alike than was poor Ned Hynes. God rest you, Ned!

But the joke he played upon Lord Uplanns and Fitzjohn Montgomery was the crowning one in Ned's career. It was during that twelve months when Uplanns was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and made himself always unpopular, and often a laughing-stock, on account of the pomposity and ridiculous vanity of the man constantly putting him into very comical corners. While at the same time he would do the oddest things, on occasion, that ever Lord Lieutenant did before or since. More by the same token, Ned Hynes was but a sorry favourite with Uplanns. For, at the dinners Uplanns gave to the Law, Ned, in the crackling of his jokes—which he could no more help, poor fellow, than the sun its shine—was no respecter of persons—even of the persons of pompous Lord Lieutenants. And Uplanns used to call him Ugly Hynes, thinking he was thereby striking the sorest point on a man's corpus. Ned used to enjoy this, and used to say, "It's my misfortune not to be a born beauty; but then, you know, no mortal can expect all gifts. Beauty and brains were never in the one box. Meself and his Excellency illustrate that. Ned Hynes got no beauty: Uplanns took it out all in beauty."

At the time I talk of, Ned was religiously doing the Northern Circuit, though no stray sovereign on account of any case meandered into his purse even by accident. He had a splendid rig-out on him (unpaid for, of course, and likely so to remain), for he had come to the conclusion that it was fine clothes more than the fine man the rascally clients looked for. But the shine of his black suit and glossy caster had not, for so far, hypnotised a soul of them. It attracted beggars by the bushel, which Ned enjoyed, for he had whispered one of these chaps, when he came to him with his

tale of woe, and a string of prayers that would reach from Carrickfergus to Christmas—whispered to him—"Honour among thieves, by your leave. I'm one of yourselves." Well, in this gorgeous suit of his, he one day found himself, with another poor devil of a barrister (equally stranded with him) named MacDonagh, fifteen mile from Omagh, the two of them bending their ways for the next Assize town with not a solitary three-ha'pence between the pair of them. Up on the hillside to the left of the road, very beautifully situated indeed, a handsome residence took their eye, and Ned inquired of a man they met who it was lived in it, and learned that it was Fitzjohn Montgomery. Ned whistled. He had heard a power about this Montgomery, who was a pompous kind of man also, putting up for big things on small justification. It was oftentimes a game of the lawyers at the Omagh Assizes to go *en masse* to his house of an evening, butter him up, an' have the father and mother of a fine supper at the lad's expense. Moreover, just now there was a deal of talk about him, by reason he was seekin' to be president of a new agricultural scheme the Government were introducing in the North—with every likelihood of getting it, too, for the reason that he heartily hated the people, and the people heartily hated him—the first and foremost recommendation for any Government post in Ireland. The lad runnin' again' him MacGauran of Enniskillen, everyone knew was too good to get the post, and had too many kind prayers; and well-wishers among the multitude, to succeed. It's many's the boon the Lord would give Ireland, if it wasn't for the Lord Lieutenant.

By the same token, the Lord Lieutenant was at that particular time travelling in the North, and Fitzjohn Montgomery, it seems, was bent on seeing the gentleman personally in case he passed through Omagh, and insisting on his claim getting consideration. And he had, moreover, as all Omagh knew, invited his Excellency to honour him with a visit—which he hardly expected would be granted him, all the same.

However, Ned gave MacDonagh all particulars about Montgomery.

and says he, "As I feel hungrier than a hawker, an' my throat dry as a lime-burner's hat, I think we'll go up an' have a pick and a drink with him." MacDonagh thought it was joking he was.

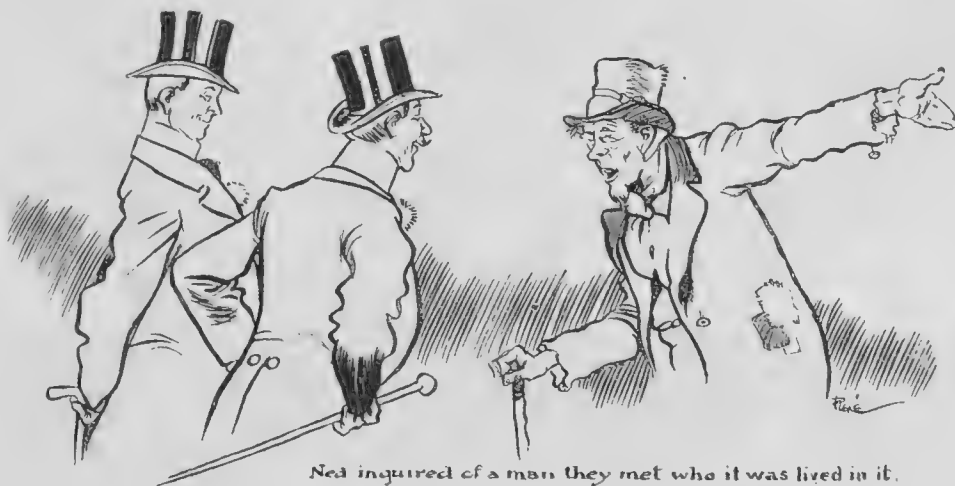
"Sure you never met the man?" says he.

"No more did he ever meet me," says Ned, in his own comical way, "so we stand square upon that head."

"And on what grounds will you lay claim to his hospitality?" says MacDonagh.

"The Lord will provide," says Ned. "Come along."

Nothing loth, for he was both hungry and thirsty, he followed his fellow, knowing that Ned had gall enough for a Tipperary gander. Ned gave his grand new hat another shine; as he went up the avenue he straightened himself, fixed his collar and tie, and looked as



Ned inquired of a man they met who it was lived in it.



pompous as a Petty Sessions clerk. He would give no name to the lad who opened the door, but commanded him to tell his master to put in an appearance, and when the pompous Fitzjohn Montgomery, all wonderment, came to the drawing-room to them, Ned said—

"Mr. Fitzjohn Montgomery, I presume?"

"Yes, Sir, yes, Sir," says Montgomery with a mighty stiff bow, for he had got on his finest, haughtiest air; "at your service, Sir."

"I suppose, Montgomery," says Ned, says he, with a great man's scorn of polite formalities, "I suppose, Montgomery, you don't know who you have under your roof presently?" Montgomery strained his eyes at him till they seemed saucers.

"N—no, no," says the lad, for all his pomposity beginning for to show nervousness. "No, no, I do not know."

"I," said Ned grandly, "I am the Lord Lieutenant, and this"—with a wave of his hand to MacDonagh, who wanted the floor to open and let him through—"this is my Secretary."

In a jiffy the starch was gone out of Montgomery, and he was bowing and scraping like a dancin'-master, an' covering with thanks his Excellency for the mighty honour he had done him: and he'd have got a crick in his back that never would unloose again, if Ned hadn't put aside the grand air, and gave the chap a little more ease in his own house. Ned explained to him that he was passing with his Staff on his way to Derry, and that he let the remainder of them go forward, while he and his Secretary came up to consider regarding the post he was applying for—and which he hoped he might be so satisfied with him as to be able to grant. Before appointing him, he said, he would like to see him personally, and judge at first-hand. "So I dropped in," says he, "to lunch with ye, if you don't mind!" Montgomery was past himself with delight, and in five minutes all the bells in the house were goin' like mill-hammers, and a troop of seryants hurrin' an' scurrin' up an' down stairs, an' in' an' out through doors, like rabbits in a burrow, an' he had messengers flying helter-skelter for five miles on every side with invitations to the gentry to meet the Lord Lieutenant at dinner. For his Excellency had, after a deal of persuasion, consented to do Fitzjohn Montgomery the startling honour of spending a night under his roof. Though he'd consent to no intimation of this being sent to his Staff; as they were used to having him give them the slip on occasions, often for days at a time. And Montgomery knew well this was one of his Excellency's little oddities, sure enough.

That dinner, to be a scratch dinner, was the grandest the North ever knew, and everyone at it was delighted out of measure with the urbanity of a Lord Lieutenant, who, for the night, consented to be just like one of their common selves, and to crack a joke upon every man in the company, tip a wink to every woman, tell the best story they ever heard, and sing the best comic song. He took a

drink with every male, and flirted with every female. And they agreed, one and all, before scattering for their homes in the early morning, that they had the gayest, jolliest night of all their whole lives; though they came thinking it would be as solemn as a Sunday School, and that they would be gaspin' with awe from the instant his Excellency first frowned on them till the minute they'd got safely out of the house again. They swore, every man of them, that it was all the rankest lie that had been going about the pomposity and stand-offishness of Lord Uplanns, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; for that a jollier or a more companionable fellow had never cleaned his boots on the scraper of Dublin Castle door. They voted him a brick, and said if the English Government always sent over such Lord Lieutenants as him there wasn't a rebel in Ireland who wouldn't be on his two knees, praying for prosperity on John Bull's pratie-garden every day the sun rose o'er it. (Though, between ourselves, it's little these gentry knew the rebel heart.) To put them all the more

in good-humour, Lord Uplanns had privately, in the ear of each man he drank with, promised him a knighthood the next batch of honours he'd be dhrawin' for Ireland—and swore him to secrecy lest every other man in the company should feel slighted. In every pretty woman's ear he whispered of honours undreamt for the husband she should choose. Och, it was a night of nights! And every man who didn't go home the better of wine, at least staggered under glory.

But the pride of Montgomery went up so high that 'twas thought it would never come down to garden level again. Ere he got the last grip of the hand at parting of the Lord Lieutenant, he had his appointment as President of the new Agricultural Board made, remade, and conferred on him a dozen times over, with a baronetcy to boot before twelve months rolled over—and, in consequence, he

[Continued overleaf.]



A BUNCH OF MAY FLOWERS.



MISS MAY DE SOUSA, WHO IS TAKING MISS MARIE TEMPEST'S PART IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE GEISHA," AT DALY'S.

Photographs by Bassano.

lost little time in making himself ten times more objectionable than ever to the common humans who had the ill-luck to live about him.

There was a big furore before the next night fell, when the word got wind how Montgomery had been hoaxed, and asses made of himself and the neighbouring gentry by a journeyman barrister from Dublin; and every gentleman who hadn't been invited by Montgomery to meet the Lord Lieutenant pranced with delight and flooded the post with messages of congratulation to Fitzjohn, asking him to put in a good word for them with his Excellency for every post they could think of, from Chancellor down to charwoman at Dublin Castle, and begged knightships and baronetries for themselves, and invitations to Court for their wives and daughters, and even paid tramps handsomely to venture to Montgomery's hall-door in pairs and announce, "I am the Lord Lieutenant, and this is my Secretary"—till they had the poor man in such a frenzy that he was fit to fill a whole lunatic asylum himself.

The joke soon overtook the ears of the real Lord Lieutenant himself in Derry. But it was small joke to him. He fumed and he foamed when he heard that the miserable devil, Ugly Hynes, could under any circumstances be, by any man in the possession of his senses, mistaken for him—Hynes, with his tomfoolery, and a phiz that would scare rats, for him with his lovely looks, handsome proportions, and grand air! He gave every man in his company a purty picklesome hour after he got wind of the outrageous happening.

"I'm sore sorry," says he, "that I have the order made out appointing this Montgomery fellow President of the Agricultural Board. But I'll go," says he, "I'll call on him myself, an' I'll let him see for himself," says he, puffing himself out like a frog, "that none but a fool could mistake me when they'd see me, or mistake any other man for me when they wouldn't see me. I'll let the fellow see what a Lord Lieutenant is like. D—n him!"

An', sure enough, Uplanns kept his word; an' when he was dhravin' on Omagh, he called a halt at the little village of Carn, which was close to Montgomery's place, and he took with him his Secretary, and went out on foot—just to give himself no advantage over Hynes—to Montgomery's. But he wouldn't go into the house; he wouldn't deign to do that, but squared himself, like a bull-frog at a barn-dance, on the gravel-walk in front of the hall-door, and passed the word to Montgomery for to tell him he was wanted without. Out then steps Montgomery, no less pompous than him, and looks at Uplanns, wondering who the devil he was. And when he'd given Montgomery full time to be frustrated by his fine proportions, Uplanns says, says he, in his most lordly tones—

"Sir, I am Lord Uplanns, the Lord Lieutenant, and this——" He was going to say, with a wave of his hand, "Is my Secretary," when Montgomery dropped his pomposity as quickly as a pig would drop a hot potato, and cut in with—

"The devil you are? Then if you're the Lord Lieutenant, by Heavens, you must get a reception—and a warm one!"

Back into the hall he steps, and lays hold of a gun he had standing there full of duck-shot—and was out again while you'd say Micky Muldoon. And——

"I have got the reception ready waitin' for you," says he, getting the gun to his shoulder, while the poor, terrified Lord Lieutenant threw up his hands and screeched like a wild goose, and his Secretary, who didn't grow without the wisdom teeth, took to

his heels and went down the avenue like the March wind on a day it's in a particular hurry.

"For God's sake, Sir, lower that gun! I am the real Lord Lieutenant himself," Uplanns yells, with his two knees knocking, and his eyes quitting his head, and he fast to his place as if he was pegged down.

"There's devil a doubt of it," says Montgomery, looking along the barrel of the gun, and taking steady, good aim. "Your word is as good as your bond any day. And it's so seldom we see a real Lord Lieutenant in these quarters that I'd like to give him something to remember his visit by. . . . Let me see," says he, "if a Lord Lieutenant can race *vice-versa*. Start off with ye now, and down the avenue as fast as the Furies *with your heels before ye*. Keep your face to me," says he, "like an educated gentleman, all the way; for if you have the ill manners once to present the other end at me before ye've taken yourself from my sight through the gate below, I'll reprimand that other end in a way won't be one bit pleasant for your posterity. Off with you now," says he, "*vice-versa*, as if the devil was in your heels, an' let me see the exhibition. And mind," says he, "if you want to hold the sorry soul in your carcass a while longer, don't once dare turn your face to look where you're goin'."

And behold ye! gapin' an' gaspin', an' shakin' with terror, an' the colour in the face of a fresh corpse, down the

long avenue, joggin' an' trottin' *vice-versa*, went his Excellency Lord Uplanns, the Viceroy of Ireland. He stumbled and tumbled more times than ten. But devil a matter what happened to him, or was going to happen, he kept his face reverently to the man who was sighting him along the barrel of a gun. And it was sayed by them seen him that for a tarror-struck man he made as purty back-trottin' as they'd ever seen outside a circus; an' that after he had tripped on the toe-stone, an' joyfully fallen full-length through the gate, he was on his feet quicker, an' off along the road for the village of Carn

with less leisure, than is customary with Viceroy's of Ireland.

When it come to Montgomery's ears that 'twas truly the real Lord Lieutenant he had levelled the gun on, and made *vice-versa* down his avenue, there was neither holdin' nor tyin' of him. And the frantic poor fellow would have been only too well pleased if Uplanns had thrown him into jail for the term of his natural life—if longer wasn't possible. And indeed, at the first blush, Uplanns was only afeard that the laws wouldn't permit him to hang, draw, and quarter both Montgomery an' ugly Ned Hynes as he wished to. But when he come to his senses, he seen that the wisest thing was to lie low and sing very small, and that the quickest and quietest way he could smother the matter was best.

McGauran of Enniskillen was, within five days after, startled to find himself appointed President of the new Agricultural Board; an' Ned Hynes, when he heard it, wrote him—

"I congratulate myself, Ireland, and you, Sir, on the appointment I have secured for you. When your Board has money to spend or sport upon law, please don't forget that spare time is the only plentiful commodity on the hands of your benefactor, Ned Hynes."

And, in troth, he didn't forget Ned. Neither, for that matter, did Fitzjohn Montgomery. As for Uplanns, Dublin laughed its ribs loose, nicknamed him the Viceroy Versa, and in two weeks' time he cursed the country and took his ticket for England—the last ever Ireland saw of him. And her heart didn't break, either.



"Let me see if a Lord Lieutenant can race *vice-versa*."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ON TRIAL: CONCERNING THE CULT.



A QUEEN WHO IS A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST: QUEEN CHARLOTTE OF WÜRTTEMBERG.



Photo Topical.

THE HOME OF A NEW CULT: THE TEMPLE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AT BOSTON.



THE FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: "THE REV." MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY.

MRS. EDDY'S work on Christian Science was written in the little wooden cottage, Lynn House, Boston, Massachusetts, which has now become a shrine for her followers. Some while ago, Mrs. Eddy moved to the almost palatial residence shown on this page, and there it is said, she lives in regal style, having grooms and footmen, a splendid carriage in which she drives out every afternoon, and a bevy of secretaries employed in answering the thousands of letters she receives weekly. If report can be credited, she has recently added Queen Charlotte of Württemberg to her converts.

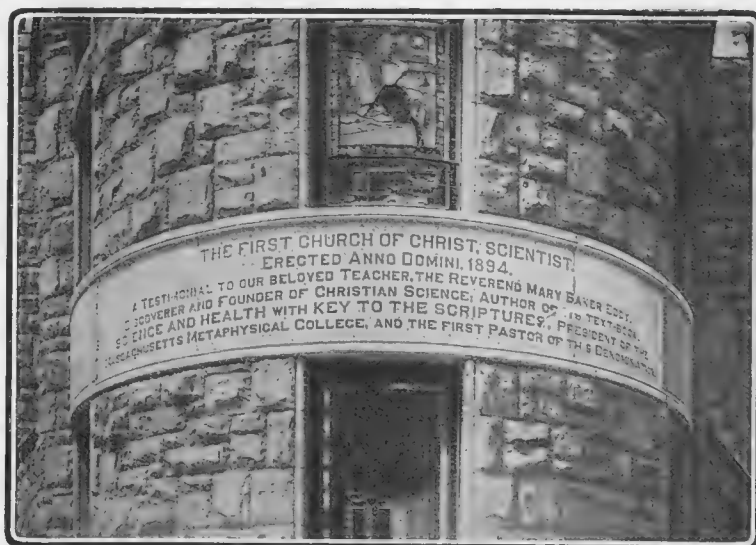


MRS. EDDY'S OLD HOME, REGARDED BY THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS AS A SHRINE: LYNN HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

MRS. EDDY is held in the greatest reverence by her followers, and day by day she sits in an audience-chamber in her home, receiving deputations from Christian Science congregations in all parts of the world. Her will is law. She is described as tall, of pleasing personality, and a rigid disciplinarian who overlooks neither insubordination nor unbelief. Some months ago she was taken ill, and there were those who said that she retained the services of one of the best doctors in Boston, who, it was alleged, visited her in secret. This was promptly denied.



THE PRESENT HOME OF THE "REVEREND" FOUNDER OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST: PLEASANT VIEW, CONEOID'S CENTRE, MASSACHUSETTS.



THE INSCRIPTION ON THE FIRST CHURCH ERECTED BY THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS: "A TESTIMONIAL TO OUR BELOVED TEACHER, THE REVEREND MARY BAKER EDDY."

The recent trial of a well-known Christian Scientist has again attracted attention to the strange religious cult founded by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, and known to its followers as the Church of Christ, Scientist. The believers in Christian Science pin their faith to the fact that Christ, in his healing, relied on prayer and signs, and not on medicine. Therefore, they argue, it is wrong to use natural or artificial remedies for curing disease, and they consider sickness itself evidence of lack of faith in God. The cult rose out of Mrs. Eddy's work, "Science and Health, with a Key to the Scriptures," and has now millions of followers scattered over all parts of the world. The book already referred to has made its author a very wealthy woman.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"THE Autobiography and Memoirs of the Duke of Argyll," published by Mr. Murray, in two handsome volumes, are mainly devoted to politics, but they contain several things of interest to bookmen. It can hardly be said that the Duke of Argyll was a man of letters. He was a little of everything; but probably he was more interested in natural science than in anything else. He had a considerable faculty for clear exposition, and the surprise of his autobiography is that he was able to describe the personal appearance of men and women with graphic force. This is a rare gift; and no one ever possessed it to a greater degree than Carlyle. The Duke of Argyll had no such talent, but his gift was not to be despised. Thus he has drawn for us a portrait of Sydney Smith. "He was a bulky man, with a large and powerful head, a curved nose, and a tremendous chin. He was evidently unwell, and as regards any expected contribution to the conversation from him, the dinner was a complete failure. He hardly spoke, and seemed dull and oppressed." All the diarists and letter-writers describe Sydney Smith as very fat, but the "curved nose" and the "tremendous chin" are new. One can easily believe in the chin, however. Sydney Smith had an extraordinary tenacity and courage in the defence of his principles, and such qualities generally go with a strong chin.

Samuel Rogers is a more familiar figure, but he, too, is skilfully presented. "He was hideous to behold. When I first knew him in 1841 he was seventy-eight years of age, and he continued leading the same ubiquitous social life for ten years longer, till he was in his eighty-eighth year. He had none of the venerable aspect of age in his appearance. He was a small man with a bald head, a very flat face, and a complexion perfectly cadaverous. His eyes were sharp and observant, but amiability was not conspicuous in the expression. His speech was slow and always apparently premeditated. He was famous for his sharp sayings, not infrequently bitter. His temper was jealous and irritable."

Frederick Maurice is thus sketched: "He had no attraction of manner or of conversation. Even his appearance was against him. He was a short man, with broad shoulders and a short neck. He had a pale face, deeply scored with the lines of meditation and thought; his eyes alone were striking when well looked into. They were large and fine eyes, with a very earnest and somewhat perplexed expression." "Guizot was a short man with a very high, rather pyramidal forehead,

scanty grey hair, aquiline nose, and quick, rather haughty eyes. De Tocqueville was a still smaller man, delicate, almost fragile, in general appearance, with a small, pale face, quick eyes, and a general look of great refinement."

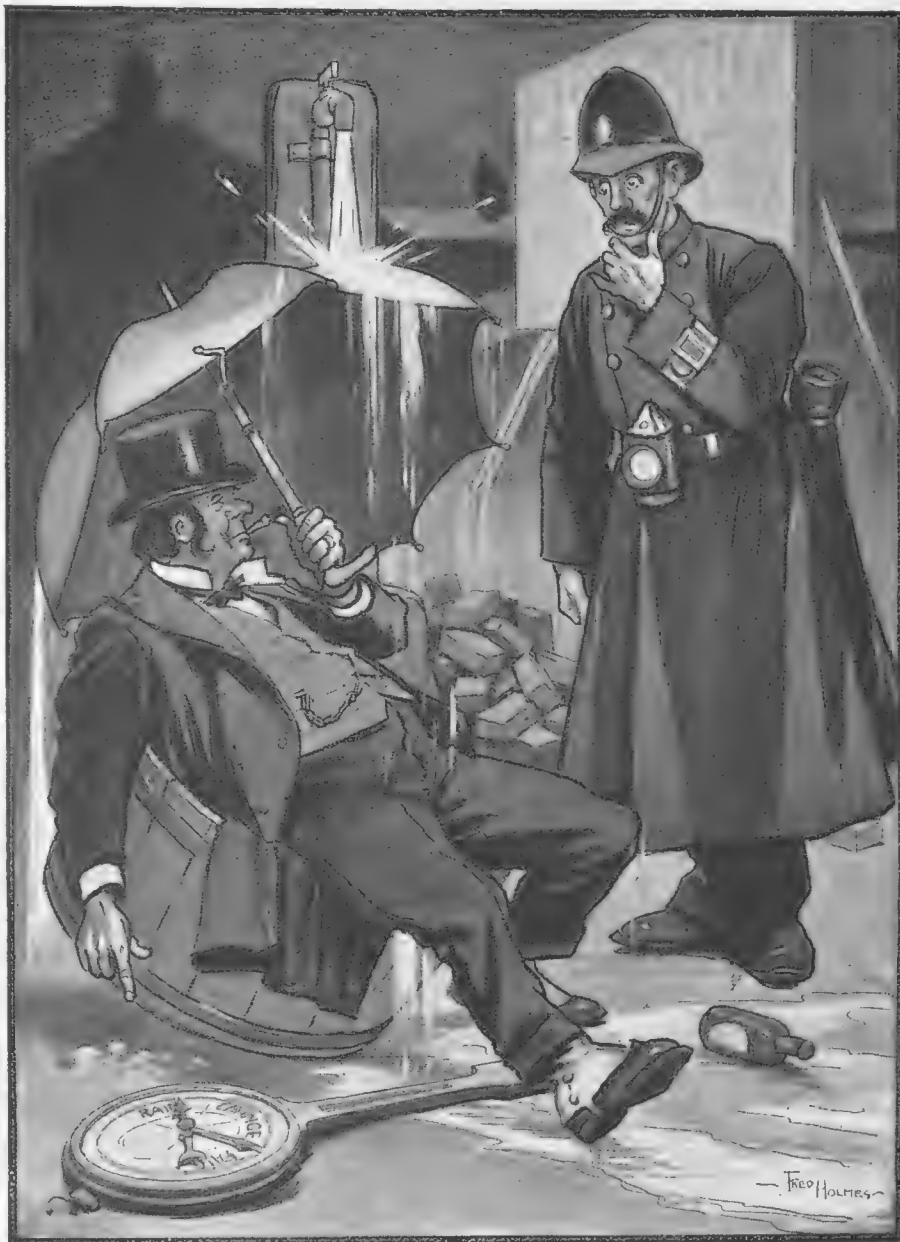
Unfortunately, there is no description of Macaulay, whom the Duke knew very well. Indeed, he was his next-door neighbour. There is no man who died within living memory of whom it is more difficult to get a true idea than of Macaulay. Carlyle's account

of him as a man who looked as if he were made out of oatmeal is almost the only one that can be remembered. The Duke makes no attempt at a portrait, but he confirms the general verdict that Macaulay did all the talking, wherever he was. If anyone interfered to ask a question, Macaulay would instantly reply, "Don't you remember?" and then recommence with endless quotations in illustration of his reply. Undoubtedly Macaulay should have been Boswellised, but, alas! there was no Boswell. The only new point brought out by the Duke is that Macaulay was vociferous in his disbelief of Spiritualism. The Duke considered there was something in it, but had no theory to offer. He was content to believe that there are agencies of great and subtle power of which we know nothing, and the instances of which it is immaterial to discuss, because the laws and conditions of their working are as yet unknown.

But perhaps the gem of the book is the personal description of the illustrious Duke of Wellington. It is evident that the Duke of Argyll took special pains with this, and that he justly considered it new. He is speaking of the Duke as he was in 1849: "His figure was even then perfectly erect and soldier-like, but his head drooped a little on his

chest. What struck one most in his appearance was, not his high aquiline nose, which is so prominent in all the pictures, but his splendid eyes. They were blue in colour, and very round and very large. Of course, all eyeballs are equally round, but they are cut across in varying degrees by the eyelids covering a larger or a smaller part of them. When the eyelids hardly touch the top of the eyeballs at all, or are even lifted clear above them, a staring effect is given, as in owls. This form of eye is essentially expressionless. On the other hand, in some persons the open part of the eye is a mere slit, and this is almost equally hostile to expressiveness. The Duke's eyes were very large, the eyelids cutting across them very high up, but not leaving them uncovered. They arrested all one's attention in a moment."

O. O.



OLD PARTY (who is returning home late from sale with barometer): Awf'l night, conshtable! Do you mind just looking in the glass to see if there isn't any indication of a change in the weather?

DRAWN BY FRED HOLMES.



By E. A. B.

Friends at Court. The German editors, to whom upon their arrival in London to-day every British journalist offers the heartiest greeting, enjoy a distinction peculiar to their country. It is so risky a procedure in Berlin to say that black is not white, and the penalties for *lèse-majesté* are so sharp, that no paper having the least Socialistic tendency can afford to be without a second editor. The first writes the articles; the second goes to prison for them. It is an extension of the old custom whereby British kings had a whipping-boy to take the punishment which any wrong-doing of the youthful royalties entailed. The same principle holds good in China even now, for during the boyhood of the present Emperor it was announced that among the Court appointments was that of a "hahachutz," or whipping-boy, who by reason of his office would suffer in his person for all the sins and shortcomings of his Imperial fellow-student.

"The Intolerable Strain." The present Parliament has lived but a short time, but already several members have found the task imposed upon them more than they are able to endure. A man needs physical as well as mental equipment to stand the life at St. Stephen's. Cobden used to say that after sitting in the House for two or three hours he found his head useless for anything else but aching. "I find my brain throbbing as though it were ready to burst. It seems as if the air were dried and cooked to such an extent as to rob it of its vital properties. My reasoning powers are in abeyance while under the roof of the House." The uncharitable might say that the last condition applies to some of Cobden's successors. The length and character of the speeches were not wholly without influence upon him. He was pleading for brevity before Sir Carne Rasch was born. "The Sermon on the Mount may be read in twenty minutes; the Lord's Prayer takes one minute to repeat; Franklin and Washington never spoke more than ten minutes at a time."

Safeguarding a Nation's Health. The many grievous accidents which have attended the driving of motor-cars this summer go to show that even now the perfect way to safety has not been discovered, either by chauffeurs or pedestrians. But in a year or two's time we shall have learned to laugh, no doubt, at the alarming prophecies which we now hear as to "motor-heart," "motor-face," and all the other horrors and abominations with which non-motorists now threaten the devotee. Radical novelties have always experienced this fate from the very dawn of history. When Europe was considering whether or not she should adopt railways, even the astute M. Thiers declared that long systems were not wanted. The Bavarian Royal College of Doctors, appealed to for its opinion, delivered itself of a most portentous pronouncement. Railways, they declared, would cause the greatest deterioration in the health of the public, because such rapid movement would produce brain-trouble among travellers,

and vertigo among those who looked at moving trains. Railways, if constructed at all, must be built upon tracks enclosed by high board fences raised above the height of the cars and engines.

An Ascot Outfit. Lady visitors to Ascot may be interested to know how their predecessors appeared in the famous enclosure years and years ago. The heroine of the hour upon the occasion was the unhappy wife of the future George IV. The King and Queen were there, eating their lunch in "a sort of summer-house" built for the occasion, and the Princess Royal, in her little phaeton, drawn by six tiny Shetlands, was a popular figure. But everybody wanted to see the new Princess and her fifteen ladies. They were all dressed "rather particular," a contemporary gossip assures us, in clear muslins. This was deemed pretty and effective, but the Princess had on a very pink petticoat, whose ruddy hues the outer skirt quite failed to disguise. "It looked remarkable," our gossip says. Remarkable, too, must have looked the purple sash and hat and the black lace coat which completed the costume of the hour. However, as there was a day of very great sport, the spectators expressed themselves as satisfied with all they had seen, and voted their new Princess quite a success.



FISH FRESH FOR 1000 MILES: A NEW METHOD OF PACKING FOR TRANSPORT.

The method is a German invention. The fish are placed in separate compartments. The atmosphere is kept moist, sometimes with damp cloths, and the necessary gas, without which fish cannot exist, is pumped into the compartment. Fresh-water fish are thus taken for a long distance overland.

expressions of gratitude. Inquiry revealed the startling fact that the regimental grooms and servants had had out all the horses entered for the races and tried them over the distances they would have to run and at the weights they would have to carry. How the bookmakers fared as the result of the knowledge thus gained no man dared to inquire.

These Lesser Islands.

The subjects of the new Marchioness of Graham, the islanders of Arran, must have wondered by what right the people of the rest of the United Kingdom have so interested themselves in the wedding of Lady Mary Hamilton. To them, of course, Arran is the wide, wide world, and the rest of us merely natives of the lesser isles lying near about. That, at any rate, is to be inferred from the prayer which Scott records of the minister of the Cumbraes, two small islands in the mouth of the Clyde. "O Lord be gracious," he prayed, "bless and be gracious to the Greater and the Lesser Cumbraes, and in Thy mercy do not forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

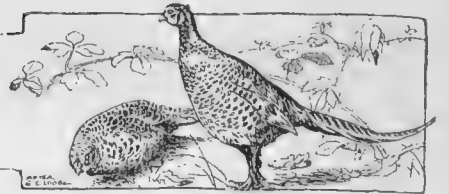
Wise in Time.

Those who attempt to predict the result of the various events at Ascot this week will scarcely be likely to enjoy the facilities which came the way of a party of servants of whom Sir Claude de Crespigny tells. There were steeplechases toward in Ireland. The day before the meeting, the gallant Baronet was walking with Colonel Oakes, when, to his surprise, a man approached and thanked him for the excellent sport which had been provided. To say that Sir Claude was surprised is to put it mildly. The races had yet to be run, he protested. Still the man persisted in his ex-



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



The Land Hunger. Although statesmen and publicists complain about the exodus from the land, it may be suggested that what the countryside has lost in agricultural labour it has gained in service of another sort. It may be doubted whether the country has ever known such an invasion as has followed in the wake of the gentlemen who advertise plots of land, and hold sales from time to time to an accompaniment of free railway tickets and a free lunch. Many citizens who have seen better days, and are never likely to possess any more land than such freehold as may come to them when they have shuffled off this mortal coil, have been heard to speak in highest terms of the arrangements made by land-agents for the accommodation of those who come to buy and remain to lunch. But for all his strange generosity the land-agent knows his business, and in the past few years has sold hundreds, perhaps thousands, of acres of land in small plots to people who have little real use for them, but cannot withstand the temptation of becoming landed proprietors. To be sure, these purchasers start off with some hazy idea of setting up a villa residence or a week-end cottage, but they generally make their purchase without much thought about the distance that separates their plots from the nearest railway station, and without taking into consideration the possibility that they may need a water-supply.

Making a Colony. Of course, perfectly serious attempts are made from time to time to deal with the land problem, but certainly there have been many cases in late years that tend to prove the truth of the Claimant's statement that some men have money and no brains, and others have brains and no money, and that the latter are sent into the world to teach the former. The fascination of the land is so great that all sorts and conditions of men yield to the temptation of becoming landowners. Even fierce Socialists and Communists and other curious creatures have been known to take steps to secure a plot or two. I was in a part of the country at Whitsuntide where land hunger was responsible a few years ago for the creation of a curious colony; and now that the colony has disappeared, it is permissible to set out the facts of the case.

The Communist at Large. In the 'nineties one of those idealists who go about with their brains in the clouds declared that he could and would establish a colony on communal principles, and so enable

chosen spirits to live in the country with the maximum of comfort and minimum of labour. Some score of worthies who had a rooted objection to the strenuous life joined the leading enthusiast and they started a colony. Each man had sufficient money to enable him to buy a few acres of land at about three times its proper market value; and as none of them were hampered by anything in the way of experience, they were quite unprejudiced. The general idea seems to have been as follows: A would keep a couple of cows, B would keep a hundred chickens, C would grow vegetables, D would grow fruit, E would practise the veterinary art, while F would raise food for another man's cattle, and G would exercise the repairing art upon the buildings of his fellow-men. There was a task for everybody.

Practice and Theory. Nothing could have been more excellent than the intentions of the Communists, nothing more disastrous than the result of their experiment. In the first place, as I have said, their practical experience was conspicuous by its absence; secondly, the land was bad and required more than its tenants could afford to give in the way of nourishment before it would

yield produce. Then the well on the property failed in a dry season; some of the live stock, being badly tended, died; some of the men did less work than they should have done. One or two, hard hit by the failure of the stock or land upon which they depended to fulfil their share of the contract, gave up in despair, and within two years of the starting of the colony failure was writ large all over it. The fields were choked with weeds, the cottages suggested that the master-builder was among those who had sought pastures new, the young orchard ran wild.

Wanted—Practical Men. Perhaps one of the causes of this failure lay in the fact that most of the men who took part in it were dreamers. They had surrendered to the glamour of country life because they associated it with May and June, and forgot that the months between October and March have their permanent place in our calendar. They saw the land looking at its best in early summer, and entered upon their colony in the autumn, when winter was lying in wait for them. I would advise all town men who think of settling in the country to choose January or February for a visit to the district they propose to live in. It is fatal to wait for June; the country is full of beauty and deceit just then.

FOR MORAL AND PHYSICAL GUIDANCE: A COMBINED SIGN- AND WHIPPING-POST. At a point where three roads meet, to the south-east of Chipping Ongar, in Essex, stands a sign-post which is also a whipping-post. In it are the rings through which the wrists of offenders were fastened during corporal punishment. It is believed that they were also used as wrist-stocks. The parish of Standon Massey, in which the post stands, is equidistant from Brentwood and Ingatestone.



COMMEMORATING A STREAM THAT FAILED.

The monument was erected in 1825 by the inhabitants of Mitcham to commemorate the finding of a spring. The monument was to be inaugurated with great ceremony, but on the very day the spring dried up, and the monument is falling into decay.

Photograph by C. Lavell.



PUTNEY'S FIRE-PROOF MONUMENT.

An ivy-covered obelisk, standing on Putney Heath, to commemorate the erection of a house believed to be fireproof. The house was built about fifty years after the Great Fire. Sheets of iron and copper were placed between the floors to prevent the spread of fire. Huge fires were lighted on the floors and landings, and the house stood the test.

Photograph by E. J. Lavell.



PRESERVED IN A TREE-TRUNK: LONG-FORGOTTEN INITIALS COME TO LIGHT. The curious section of a tree-trunk is in the College of Surgeons' Museum. At some time the bark had been cut away in the form of the letters shown, and over the denuded surface has grown the yearly addition of wood. The wood was split for firewood, and the cleavage gave rise to the reverse impression of the letters.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



DURING the rest of the week, Madame Réjane, who began her season at the Royalty on Monday, is doing something which probably no leading English actress would consent to do. This is to act the part of an elderly woman—for she is playing the Duchess in that brilliant comedy, "Le monde ou l'on s'ennuie." Miss Marie Tempest, it need hardly be said, is acting in "The Marriage of Kitty" one of the parts which is still in Madame Réjane's répertoire, so that the French actress is in much the same position as one of our own character-actors, who will play a young man one night and an old one the next. No actress, however, will do this, for it is held as an article of faith that the moment an actress plays an elderly woman it is something more than a tacit acknowledgment that her day for playing young ones is over and done with.

The interest London is continually showing in Shakspeare would seem to be having a great effect all over the country, and the chief provincial cities are not slow in following suit with special revivals instead of merely relying on the visits of ordinary travelling companies. Manchester, always in the van of intellectual theatricals, is to give another demonstration of this fact next week, when "The Merchant of Venice" is to be produced at the Victoria Theatre, and will run for a fortnight. The performance will be under the direction of Mr. Frank Lindo, who was at one time well known in London as a reciter as well as an actor. He will play Shylock, and Miss Marion Wakeford will be Portia. Apart from them, however, the company will be composed of provincial actors all specially chosen for their parts, and capable of proving that ability for such work is by no means confined to London, and the one or two celebrated companies which are on tour. It is often difficult to break down the barrier which divides the provincial actor from his London comrade; but such performances cannot fail to help to bring this about, and thus complete the circle, as it were, by renewing the old order of things, when the provinces supplied London with its leading actors.

In view of the recent performance of "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern" it is interesting to recall that it was Mr. Lindo who first acted in Mr. Gilbert's brilliant travesty, in which he appeared as Hamlet. For the last three years Mr. Lindo has been acting in the provinces in a play called "Home, Sweet Home," of which he is himself the author.

It was only the other day in connection with the production of "The Lonely Millionaires" that Miss Annie Schletter's name was mentioned as the latest recruit from Society to the Stage. Now her sister has to be added to the list of dramatists who have succeeded in emerging from among the great unacted. Miss Schletter hid her identity as the author of "Anthony Dean's Double," which

was produced at the Haymarket on Monday of last week, under the pseudonym of "Paul Sylvester," the pen-name she has used for several years in a distinguished journalistic career.

It is a standing joke that certain dramatists never produce a play without introducing eating and drinking in at least one of the acts.

Whether or not, as a cynical actor remarked the other day, the managers seem to think that, as the public is interested in seeing the lions eat at the Zoo, so it may be interested in seeing the lions of the stage eat on it, the fact remains that not for a long time has so much eating been done on the stage as recently. At the Haymarket, where there used to be a supper in "A Privy Council," there is a dinner in "The Man from Blankley's"; in "Brigadier Gerard" Mr. Lewis Waller and his company satisfy the mimic cravings of Nature with real bread and soup. At the Gaiety at the supper party in the first scene of the second act there are champagne and other luxuries. Until Saturday night there was a splendid spread at the Waldorf. At the Adelphi "The Taming of the Shrew" may be cited to prove Shakspeare's adherence to the modernity of the fashion, and at the New Miss Julia Neilson makes a splendid attack on the leg of a chicken. In "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt" tea is served in the first act, and in "The Marriage of Kitty" there is a dinner in the second act, while at His Majesty's there is a supper in the first act and a wedding breakfast in the third. These instances, however, probably do not exhaust all the examples which might be quoted.

To-morrow afternoon Miss Kate Rorke will make a novel appearance at the theatre of the Guildhall School of Music, for she will be seen for the first time as a maker of actors and actresses. The pupils, who have been under her care for only a term and a half, will give a performance made up of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's three-act fairy-play, "Broken Hearts," Mr. Grundy's one-act comedy, "Man Proposes," and a new play, "The Shell of a Man," by Miss Marion Cran, one of the pupils of the school, who will herself appear in it. Both Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Grundy are expected to be present, and the interest of the former is so great that he has been attending the last few rehearsals of his play, in which, by the way, when Miss Rorke was sixteen, she acted the Lady Vavir, whose pathetic love-story gives the tragic note to one of the most beautiful pieces of work to which Mr. Gilbert ever put his hand. By a curious coincidence, the young lady who is playing the part is also sixteen, while the "heavy" part, a broken-backed, one-eyed dwarf of forty-two, is to be acted by a boy of nineteen. Of his abilities, as well as those of his comrades, Miss Kate Rorke has formed a high opinion, which it is hoped the verdict of the audience will confirm.

If only it were possible to collect the repartee of the playhouse, what a delightful volume it would make, especially if the names of the speakers were not omitted. There have been a good many chuckles, for instance, in the Green-Room over the remark made to an English actor in New York by an English colleague. The first actor, who had been for the most part condemned to play small parts in London, had achieved an enviable reputation of late in the States, and was wondering whether, when he returned home, he would still be remembered by the public. "My dear chap," said the second, "you forget that while in America you may be a fact, in England you are only a rumour."



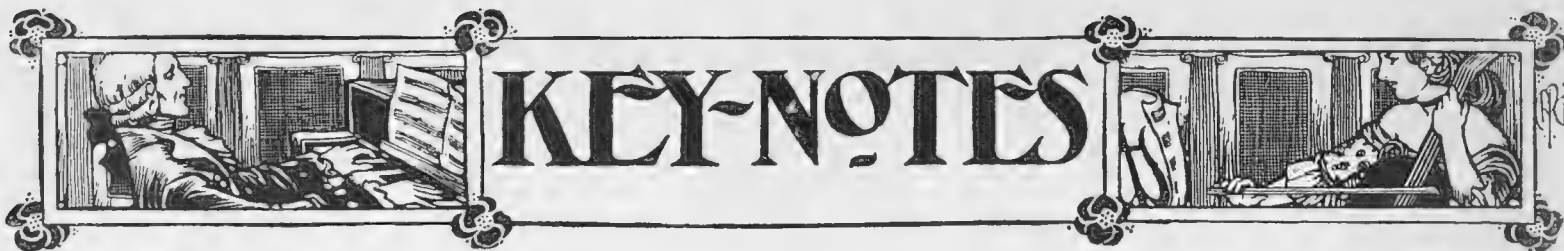
THE DISGUISE OF MAKE-UP: MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER (BUT WHO WOULD THINK IT?) IN "THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING."

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



THE DISGUISE OF MAKE-UP: MR. HENRY AINLEY (BUT WHO WOULD THINK IT?) IN "THE SHULAMITE."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



UNDER the "Concert Direction Daniel Mayer," Mischa Elman gave a few days ago at the Queen's Hall a violin recital, accompanied by the London Symphony Orchestra, which was conducted by Nikisch. He was assisted by Madame Elena Gerhardt, who was the vocalist of the occasion. Once more young Elman proved his title to be ranked among the greatest violinists of the day; if it is prodigious (to quote the famous adjective of Dominie Sampson) that so young a boy should play so well, we still cannot rank him as a so-called prodigy. He is a master, in point of fact; although the passage of time may deepen and colour some of his musical thoughts, he is at the present moment to all intents and purposes a finely accomplished artist, splendid in technique, in equipment, and in emotion. His playing of the violin part of Brahms's Concerto in D was distinguished by deep feeling, while, on the other hand, his technical powers were brought into singular prominence. Perhaps he proved his great genius at its best in his interpretation of an Adagio by Mozart. There are people so deaf as to assign to Mozart a place among the more or less pretty composers of the world, not realising that the Master's immense sense of melody went hand-in-hand with a triumphant and illimitable musical knowledge. Elman showed that he was not among the riff-raff; he played Mozart with a dignity, a sweetness, and an intelligence which showed precisely where the great master stands on the heights of music, and thereby Mischa Elman showed how high he himself stands as a great contemporary violinist. Nikisch secured a wonderfully fine interpretation of the Overture to Weber's "Oberon" from the London Symphony Orchestra, and Madame Gerhardt sang powerfully and melodiously, although at times she somewhat reduced her effects by a not very pleasant tremolo.

As we are on the subject of Nikisch a word may be given to his recent conducting of the London Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall on the 9th inst. Nikisch is, without any question, an extraordinary conductor, and his playing of Brahms's first Symphony (in C minor) was altogether exquisite. Nikisch understands this particular phase in the career of Brahms with amazing instinct and grasp of the composer's spirit. What may be called the chiaroscuro of the first movement was brought out by Nikisch with the finest and most delicate effect; but the playing of the second movement even surpassed that of the first. The conclusion seemed to embody in itself all the subtleties of meaning which Nikisch had previously brought out, piece by piece, so that the work ended triumphantly and magnificently. An interpretation of the Overture to Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer" was superlatively fine, and was played with a sense of exaltation that easily communicated itself from the band to the audience. The orchestral version of the Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde" was, perhaps, at times a little irregular—that is to say, Nikisch was inclined to take separate passages apart from the sense of unity which should have governed the interpretation; nevertheless, the actual achievement of the band was extraordinarily fine, the wood-wind especially being notable for some very fine effects. The same concert included a noble rendering of the "Waldweben," and the second part of the programme was devoted to that extraordinary tone-poem by Richard Strauss, "Tod und Verklärung."

On July 2 that excellent artist, Miss Perceval Allen, will give a Vocal Recital at Broadwood's Rooms, assisted by Mr. Tivadar Nachez; Mr. S. Liddle will preside at the pianoforte. Miss Allen has during the last three or four years advanced so steadily in her art that it is delightful to listen to her singing and to realise with what intelligence she approaches her art. She is now, of course, one of the chief supporters of our provincial festivals. One may say in Johnson's phrase: "Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit."

American ideas as to the relative value of music and advertisement seem to be somewhat curious in this country, where a very hard-and-fast rule is made between the critical idea and the idea of advertisement. The best-known musical paper in America, which issues from New York, contains in its current issue this remarkable sentence: "Musicians who do not advertise have nothing worth advertising." Now a sentence like this seems to place one immediately *en rapport* with the sentiment which dictates the American idea of musical criticism. Just consider those words: Musicians who do not advertise have nothing worth advertising. Think of the countless masters who never advertised,

who never dreamed of advertising, and whose work, according to this statement, is worth nothing! Did Beethoven advertise? Did Mozart advertise? Did Wagner (save for his own writing) advertise? Did Berlioz (save for the same reason) advertise? Did Gounod advertise? In fact, did any of the great musicians in the past dream of running head foremost into an American paper in order that their music might be known for its true

worth by the very fact of advertisement? One can quite understand that a paper which may possibly live chiefly by the advertisements of musicians should issue such a remarkable declaration; but, unfortunately for itself, there happen to be a few men alive who know something of the history of music, and who understand thoroughly that this sentence is to be gathered among those trade advertisements which are not meant sincerely, but which, in this particular instance, grate upon one's natural feeling, because music is not concerned with boots and toys, pyjamas and blouses.

At Covent Garden things have been moving very smoothly, and at the same time very spiritedly. The first performance this season of "La Tosca" was given the other day under the direction of Signor Campanini. Madame Giachetti took the part of La Tosca, Caruso that of Cavaradossi, and Scotti that of Scarpia. Madame Giachetti acted so well that at times one really forgot to listen carefully to her vocal effects, a matter which proves that her vocal effects must have been of a very high quality. She was passionate to the last degree, and showed that passion both in her singing and in her acting. Caruso's singing was wonderful, especially in the last act. Scotti once more enacted the part of the subtle villain with singular distinction and with a certain quiet sense of evil that was very effective.

Fräulein Von Mildenburg took the part of Elizabeth in a recent performance of "Tannhäuser" at Covent Garden, Frau Reinl taking the part of Venus and Herr Anthes that of Tannhäuser. The rest of the cast was exceedingly good, but it must be put on record that Fräulein Von Mildenburg was very fine, sang so freshly, and acted with so innocent a grace that her charm was all-conquering. She seemed, indeed, to attain the real ideal of Wagner's conception of the part.

COMMON CHORD.



Photo. Ellis and Watery

MISS MARIE HALL.



Photo. Bassano.

KUBELIK.

THE VIOLIN FACE: THE EXTRAORDINARY LIKENESS—OF TWO GREAT VIOLINISTS.

The portraits are almost a conclusive proof that physiognomy is an exact science. If the faces are covered except the eyes and the forehead the likeness is even more wonderful.



THE DECLINE OF MOTORING COURTESY—WHAT A LITTLE HELP MAY MEAN—SIX-CYLINDER ROLLS-ROYCE V. FOUR-CYLINDER MARTINI: A SPORTING CONTEST—THE WELL-ORGANISED SCOTTISH TRIALS—MOTORS AND HENLEY REGATTA—ORKNEY DOES NOT LIKE CARS—TINTED GLASSES AND DEPRESSION.

THIS true, a pity, that motoring courtesy is on the wane with the rapidly increasing number of cars which are found on the road to-day. It is not so very long since that to be halted at all by the side of the road, and to appear to be struggling with tyre or mechanical trouble, was to give pause to every motorist that passed, with a proffer of assistance. Now your extremity may appear of the direst, the majority of the cars surge by, their passengers entirely oblivious of your trouble and apparently careless as to whether you are permanently hung up or not. But this disregard is largely on the part of those whose cars are professionally driven.

I may be doing the professionally driven some injustice in accusing them of callous selfishness, for it is quite probable that while their paid drivers do not care to slow down without definite instructions, it has never occurred to them—the masters—to give a standing instruction that, save in cases of particular urgency, an offer of help should always be made in evident cases of *panne*. A bit of packing, a split key, the loan of an accumulator or a sparking-plug, may mean all the difference between getting home comfortably and hours of weary walking and waiting to the unfortunate. The part of the Good Samaritan should always be played.

The competition between the six-cylinder 30-horse power Rolls-Royce car and the 40-horse power Martini arranged most amicably between Mr. Claude Johnson, the managing director of Messrs. Rolls and Co., and Captain Deasy (late 16th Lancers) is perhaps the most sporting event of its kind that the automobile industry has yet seen. Together they agreed maximum marks for a number of points, such as speed on the flat, speed in hill-climbing, gear-changing, fuel-consumption, and involuntary stops, and then started out the two cars, with independent observers on each to adjudicate the points. A run from London up to Glasgow just previous to the Scottish trials, in which both the cars were engaged, by a somewhat roundabout route, touching Oxford, Daventry, Nottingham, Leeds, Kendal, Keswick, Carlisle, Lockerbie, was agreed upon, and the marks, so far as they can be adjudged at the moment of writing, are as follows.

In the speed-trials, made four times with flying starts over a kilometre, the Martini gained nine points, the Rolls-Royce on the return journeys running in a curiously in-and-out manner. In the hill-climbs up Dashwood, Addingham Shap the celebrated, and Dunmail Raise, the Martini scored a net advantage of fifty-five points; while in gear-changing the Rolls-Royce had an advantage of ten points. But the Martini lost very heavily by stops caused by a choked valve in the petrol-tank pressure-pipe, due to dirty gauze—a matter extremely difficult of diagnosis. The results of the tests upon reaching Glasgow were Rolls-Royce 20·75 points, Martini 17·55

points; but these may be varied by the Club officials, and the comparative performances of both cars in the Scottish trials have not here been taken into account.

By the time this issue of *The Sketch* is in the hands of the public the four days' reliability trials promoted by the Scottish Automobile Club (Western Section) will be over, and something about the results known. The tasks set have this year been much more severe than in last May twelvemonths, both in distances and timed hill-climbs, of which there were four. Intending buyers will do well to await the publication of the awards in respect to these trials, particularly if they have in contemplation the purchase of a car similar to one which was entered for competition.



A GREAT ARTIST'S PRIZE FOR A MOTOR CONTEST: THE HERKOMER TROPHY.
Photograph by Jaeger and Goergen.

Given fine weather, there is no pleasanter outing for the jaded Londoner, jaded by the cares of business or surfeit of pleasures, than the three days of the Henley Regatta. But delightful as is Henley in fine weather, its enjoyment is sadly marred if the dainty, gay little riverside town has to be reached by rail. The only perfect way is to go and return by motor. Wearing perfectly designed motor-veils and dust-wraps, ladies can go down in the freshest and most dainty of river costumes, and turn out of their car as complete as when stepping from their dressing-rooms. The road to Henley, via Maidenhead, Maidenhead Thicket, is one of the sweetest drives out and home from London, and with Henley Regatta sandwiched in between makes an incomparable day.

The Councillors of far-distant Orkney are a quaint breed. They have no registered cars in their inclement little islands, nor is it in one whit probable that anyone would take a car there for pleasure-driving, seeing that their roads are none of the best and the native population none of the pleasantest. Nevertheless, these Orkney Councillors are most anxious that no motor-car shall be allowed on any road sixteen feet

wide or under, that no car shall exceed a speed of ten miles per hour, and shall move at a walking pace only through villages. It is a pity that these Orkney people should not have their desire. It won't make a bit of difference.

Goggles (horrid word) are, we all know, quite necessary evils on a car nowadays; but if you would enjoy a ride on a bright day, and your eyes permit it, eschew all goggles with tinted or smoked glasses. My readers may wonder why I am advising in this wise, but if careful inquiry is made, it will be found that nine people out of ten complain that smoked glasses exercise a most depressing effect upon

the wearer after an hour or two. When first experienced this unaccountable feeling of depression is never ascribed to the glasses, an unoffending liver being generally believed to be at the bottom of the trouble; but it is the glasses all the time.



A ROYAL COMPETITOR AND MEDALLIST IN A MOTOR RACE: PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA IN THE HERKOMER CONTEST.

In the speed trials at Munich, Prince Henry's time was 3 min. 54 sec., and he obtained 55 and 60 points.



CRICKET BAT MAKING



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CRICKET BAT MAKING

THE GROWTH OF SPORT.

IN these days when the young Briton's playing fields are regarded with almost as much attention as his class-rooms, and parents, guardians, and teachers have realised that the healthiest mind will always be found in the healthiest body, the claims of well-regulated sport are recognised throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. The demand for material for outdoor and indoor games has created a supply on a scale that would have astonished those dear old gentlemen who played cricket in top-hats when the nineteenth century was young, or those wilder folk who played football throughout rural England in days when the Plantagenets still ruled over the land. Fifty years ago the length and breadth of the British Empire would have found no use for half the output for which a great firm like Geo. G. Bussey and Company is responsible to-day, and a visit to this enterprising firm's new works in South London affords ample evidence, not only of the extraordinary growth of sport, but of the unending care and attention that go to the making of the cricket bat and ball, the tennis racquet, croquet mallet, golf club, hockey stick, the football, bowls, and all the other necessities of the healthy outdoor life.

The factory of Messrs. Bussey and Co. is an imposing modern building some six hundred feet long, commanding a view of both the Brighton and South Coast Railway and the South-Eastern and Chatham, near Peckham Rye Station, and it is probable that the building is the largest manufactory of its kind in the world. The construction is absolutely modern; the machinery and plant, in many cases specially designed and constructed for the firm, are driven by electric current generated in the factory by water-tube boiler power. Much of the raw material received at the vast building in South London comes from the firm's own timber-yards at Elmswell, in Suffolk. The mills in this Suffolk branch of the business receive willow, ash, beech, and oak from the plantations in which they have been grown, and convert them swiftly and skilfully into "scantlings" of the size and shape that the trade demands. After this conversion has taken place, the wood enjoys a proper period of seasoning before it travels to the factory at Peckham, there to pass through skilled hands and modern machinery on its road to completion for the purposes of the numerous games in which Britons delight—cricket, tennis, golf, badminton, polo, croquet, hockey, and the rest. It is only natural and right that considerable qualities of endurance should result from the skilled treatment to which everything is subjected.

Though so much of the wood is distinctly British in its origin Messrs. Geo. G. Bussey and Company employ in various sub-departments of their vast business a great deal of material that is grown abroad. Mahogany, walnut, pitch pine, spruce, deal, boxwood, lignum vite, and other woods are required and of these boxwood and lignum vite must be seasoned in a specially covered area, because in their maturing time they love the darkness better than the light.

To go through the new works at Peckham Rye is to realise, among other things, the immense advance of machinery in its application to sport, and the skilled use to which Messrs. Geo. G. Bussey have turned the latest developments of scientific minds to the service of the world's playing fields. At the Peckham factory one may see a mill, the first of its kind to be erected in London, that is capable of cutting a thousand feet of mahogany log in an hour. And this is only one of many machines that are all executing appointed tasks with a promptitude and exactness for which we should look in vain to manual labour. The firm employs electric lifts to convey the timber to the bending-room, where special machines receive racquet frames and hockey sticks and turn them in the way they should go at the rate of 400 or 500 a day. Both these machines are the special property of the firm, and so elaborate are the arrangements, so well is it recognised that every implement of sport is in a sense the trustee of its maker's reputation, that it is well nigh impossible for any article to be sent out of the factory in an unsatisfactory condition.

With regard to cricket bats, it may be remarked that Messrs. Geo. G. Bussey and Co. are probably the holders of a bigger stock of willow timber than any other manufacturers, for, in addition to the large piles of wood to be seen in their Suffolk yards and at their London factory, they own many hundreds of growing trees which can be cut down as required, and the wood used for this firm's bats has a double seasoning, given first when the wood is in the form of "blades," and finally when the bat is a finished article. Cricketers will be prompt to acknowledge the great benefit that accrues to "King Willow" when he has been properly seasoned. In the firm's seasoning rooms at Peckham ten thousand bats and hockey sticks are in constant receipt of oil. Thousands of tennis racquet frames are to be found in the same department waiting for the stringing process, and the best grades are strung by a machine that ensures such a tension as no hand process can give. In connection with tennis, the "Tensive" handle, with its cork strips, should be examined by all skilled players. They will appreciate it, while the arrangements for distribution of the firm's wares are so complete that every agent has an equally good selection of seasoned

bats to sell, and wherever cricket is played in the Old World or the New the firm of Geo. G. Bussey and Co. is well represented. The completion of the manufacturing work is a force not altogether dependent upon machinery. It is necessary that the firm should have the assistance of the most skilled workmen, and Messrs. Bussey are fortunate in being able to command the services of some of the finest finishers in the kingdom. In each and every department the expert is in evidence.

The firm has taken all sport for its province, and, not content with its achievements in the making of bats and racquets, it manufactures cricket balls and footballs, together with bags and cases and all the sportsman's luggage. Some of the men employed in this branch of the work have the ripe experience of half a century behind them, and Messrs. Bussey are giving special attention to the training of the young men in their employ. A cricket ball calls, naturally, for most delicate handling, for when it is manufactured it must be weighed and gauged before it can be admitted into the "Best Match" grade and carry the decoration of the firm's trade mark. The making of cricket balls has always been regarded as the most skilled work in the manufacture of implements for outdoor sports, and the demand for the firm's make of cricket balls is ample testimony of the care that goes to the making. A cricket ball only comes into completed being after being led through many processes. It is built up on a kernel of cork and worsted, which is subjected to most careful winding and frequent hammering, and the final adjustment of the leather is a delicate piece of work, the seams being put in with a mathematical accuracy that seems almost to be superfluous, but is well and gratefully understood by every bowler who is destined in days to come to handle one of the firm's Match Balls.

The extent of the football department is best understood when we learn that Geo. G. Bussey and Company have more than seventy different sectional patterns for footballs, and the golfer need go no farther than Messrs. Bussey's factory to find the finest cleeks, lofters, putters, niblicks, and other weapons of his armoury.

Past the department where the case and bag makers are at work, and the leather is being prepared, the visitor reaches a room given over entirely to women, and there a small army of willing workers is engaged on the making of tennis balls, nets, leg guards, cricket and boxing gloves, and bags of every description. And when even this room has been left behind the capacity of the huge building has not been exhausted by any means. There is a department for billiard tables, and indoor games, and another for gymnastic apparatus, and there is a big department on the ground floor where the engineers and metal-workers have their fitting shop, and where golf club heads and the other steel, brass, and iron goods, together with all the tools required for the business, are manufactured. Yet another section of the factory may be visited, where indiarubber and compound balls are made, and this department is growing in the healthiest fashion, now the merits of "compound" croquet balls are appreciated.

The great success that has attended the efforts of Messrs. Geo. G. Bussey and Company is due very largely to their ability to handle all branches of their business together and in relation to one another. By making themselves specialists in the supply of material for every outdoor and indoor sport, they have been able to unite branches that could only have been developed separately at great expense. When a firm is covering as much ground as Messrs. Bussey do, the expense of their working is reduced, and a sound and reliable article can be put upon the market at a price that would not be possible under ordinary circumstances in a manufactory where the output was restricted. Many of the details of the work done are of the highest interest, and few who handle every day the material with which our national games are played, have ever realised how much and how varied is the labour that goes to the making.

Football making, on the other hand, is comparatively modern in its latter-day treatment, but whether the implement in course of construction be bat or ball, racquet or pad, there is much in the making that is bound to interest the most casual visitor to Messrs. Bussey's fine factory, and to convince every man devoted to the open-air life that his interests could not possibly be in safer hands. In these days, when so much that is shoddy and made only to sell is put upon the market by firms that have nothing in the way of a reputation they would not be glad to lose, the value to the sporting world of work that carries the trade mark of a responsible and reliable firm can hardly be over-estimated. Upon the quality of the material we use in our games the enjoyment of those games must necessarily depend to a very large extent.

The firm has been considerably handicapped of late by exigencies of rebuilding and refitting operations and has been unable to deal as promptly as it could wish with the steady flow of orders, but delay is now a thing of the past, and dealers the world over may rely upon the prompt response to orders that has distinguished Messrs. Geo. G. Bussey and Company in the past.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

ASCOT—GOSSIP—FREEDOM.

THE new Clerk of the Course of the Ascot Meeting, Mr. S. R. Clement, who succeeded his father, the late Major Clement, knows his business, and he has everything in apple-pie order for a bumper meeting. The track is as good as it can be made under the circumstances, but I do think the public should be kept off the running-track, which might easily be done if three tunnels were built—one from the Royal Enclosure, one from Tattersall's, and one from the Grand Stand Enclosure to the other side of the course. The expense would be trifling, and the benefit to the course would be of inestimable value. I have another little grievance to air, too. The Grand Stand lawn should be well provided with seats open to anybody, and no one should be allowed to reserve them under the existing rule. The early birds capture all the chairs, and put their cards on the back of them, while late-comers cannot get a seat for love or money. True, the charges to the Grand Stand are not extortionate, but these should at any rate assure a seat to those who pay. I would further suggest that no booth should be pitched on the opposite side of the course where it interfered with the line of sight of those in the enclosure. It is not always convenient to go to the top of the grounds to watch the races, and this would not be necessary at any time if obstructions to sight were not allowed. It is now possible to get a decent luncheon for five shillings; but the time may come when light refreshments will be available to those who do not care for a heavy midday meal. One more grumble and I have done. Why could not the Ascot management issue a weekly ticket to include admission to Tattersall's, the Grand Stand, and the Paddock? One finds it inconvenient to be loaded with tickets at race-times.

His Majesty always has one of the Police Division bands to play at the back of the royal stands at Ascot during the luncheon hour, which is rightly considered by the Metropolitan police as a very great honour. The Royal Artillery Band plays on the lawn, and it is much appreciated by all lovers of good music. Indeed, I have known of several cases of ladies and gentlemen who have visited Ascot and never seen the racing, being content to remain on the lawn and listen to the band. That reminds me of the case of a late director of the London and Brighton Railway who was a well-known barrister and journalist. He was always in attendance when the King, then Prince of Wales, went to Epsom, but he never went near the course. He used to wander about in the neighbourhood of the Downs Station until it was time for the royal train to return. But to Ascot. Many of the visitors who stay in the Sunningdale Valley for the week, including the tony jockeys and trainers, remain on the lawn for some time after the racing has ended and enjoy themselves right

royally. It will be remembered that it was after racing had finished that the fracas between Tod Sloan and a waiter took place a few years back. I published the details at the express wish of a well-known racecourse official, who considered that publicity ought to be given to the scandal, and some of the sporting papers on the following day contradicted the facts point blank. But truth prevailed as usual, and although the late Lord William Beresford in a practical effort to hush up the matter said, "Let sleeping dogs lie," the public took the matter up, and their verdict did Sloan no good. Many of the waiters and servants doing duty in the club tents opposite the stands during the Ascot week have to camp out, but they have a good time and good tips. The catering in most cases is done by contract.

I am not at all surprised at the Owners' Association taking active measures with a view to getting free stabling and fodder at all race-meetings. The managers of the Sandown Park Meeting are, I think, ill-advised in holding out against the wishes of prominent owners, and it must not be overlooked that what is possible at Kempton Park and Hurst Park should be practicable at Sandown Park. It is not sufficient that the Tisher Company is largely over-capitalised. Indeed, if the capital were no bigger at Sandown than it is at Kempton, the former company would in all probability be paying 30 per cent. dividend annually to shareholders. Owners know this, and it is only reasonable on their part to agitate for the same privileges at Sandown that they get elsewhere. The managers of the Folkestone Meeting not only provide free stabling and free fodder, but they carry horses and trainers free to their meetings, and the time is not far distant when this noble example will be followed in other quarters. I have heard of the entry-fees being found at meetings

held in the North of England, together with the passage-money of horses coming to and from Ireland to run at the English meetings. One thing is certain: the public will not patronise those meetings where fields are below the average, and the only sure way to get plenty of runners is to deal liberally with the owners. It is a mistaken idea to conclude that the free-fodder-and-stable policy does not pay in the long run. Why do those race-meetings managed by real live men so readily adopt it? Presumably because they know the plan attracts big fields and good sport, and adds materially to the gate takings. We see in the case of the Newmarket meetings that they are to be run for the future on a commercial basis, which means, if it means anything at all, that even the powers that be no longer expect to get something for nothing.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



[DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.]

HOW JONES LOST THE MATCH.

"Rule 23.—If the player's ball strikes, or is moved by an opponent, or an opponent's caddie or clubs, the opponent shall lose the hole."

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

LAST week was one of crowded and distinguished occasions for every day and night, from Ellen Terry's amazing *matinée* to Lady Mary Hamilton's picturesque wedding, both creating such enthusiasm as to prove trebly the popularity of the central figures of each pageant. Curiosity and interest were excited to the last degree in Society by the great festivities at Dorchester House which

wedding present should carry its own welcome to the lucky recipient. The Diamond Merchants' Association give their customers the advantage of manufacturers' prices, and at 6, Grand Hotel Buildings one may invest a sovereign or a cool thousand with equal confidence as to the "value received."

The æsthetic and decorative aspect of house-furnishings is amply catered for by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, whose exhibitions of antique embroideries and tapestries have now become a much-appreciated fixture of the London season. As usual, the enterprise of the firm has brought together a unique collection of such *objets d'art*, and in the present exhibition at Wigmore Street connoisseurs will find a number of old English embroidered pictures and old English samplers, which, as they yearly grow more rare and difficult to find, should engage the attention of collectors. Old paste, furniture, old silver, and curios generally are included in the sale, which began on the 11th, and will be continued through the month of June. With their usual courtesy, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody make it known that people are not expected to buy, and that a visit can be freely made to the exhibition, which is furthermore notified to be the most important and comprehensive ever held under the firm's auspices. The catalogue in itself is a work of art, the coloured frontispiece a fine example of colour-printing. Every lover of needlework should possess herself of one. Besides all this, a "side-show" of real laces, comprising examples of every known handiwork, appeals to the inherent feminine affection for that exotic article of the altogether. From treasures in Brussels point, in Milanese, in Venetian, homely Honiton or Bedfordshire, to the exquisite intricacies of Irish convent-made lace, Youghal point, Carrickmacross, and the rest—both



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A SILK RACE-COAT AND A DAINTY WHITE GOWN.

marked the advent of Mrs. Longworth in London, and the best traditions of the fine old grey-stone mansion were recalled by the splendid manner in which everything was "done." The King's unflinching tact once more made itself felt by his graceful action in asking that President Roosevelt's daughter might sit next him at dinner; and "Princess Allus," as Brother Jonathan affectionately calls her, will, one may be sure, take back happiest remembrances of the cordial welcome of King and people this side of the water. The other big function of Tuesday evening was a concert given by Mrs. Skinner, another beautiful American. Lord Strathcona was amongst the notable persons present who came and went between Park Lane and Pont Street. Sir George Power arranged the programme, which included Mr. Kennerley Rumford's unapproachable ballads and Miss Helen Mar's funny stories.

One great feature of London parties this season is the quantity of coloured stones that are being worn. The convention of pearls and diamonds diversified by diamonds and pearls which obtained up to a few years ago is replaced by a great liberty of form and colour, which is, however, exercised with the utmost good taste in up-to-date jewellery. In this connection it is interesting to know that the Association of Diamond Merchants are showing bracelets composed of amethysts, gold beads, and turquoises, exact reproductions of the oldest jewellery in the world, dating from nearly five thousand years before the birth of Christ, which were taken from the tomb of Queen Teta at Abydos. This uncommon and original piece of jewellery, illustrated on the next page, has a special historical interest therefore, besides being exceedingly pretty, and as a birthday or



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING EVENING GOWN OF PALE GREEN.

in modern examples and antique Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are rich. Some of the old Court lappets and fichus in point de Flandres and point d'Alençon have been obtained from sources unreachable by any but the present owners, and the old Empire scarves and veils and muslin embroideries, while applicable to present modes,

have also the charm that attaches to all mementoes of ancient splendour. On all accounts, therefore, the combined exhibitions are worthy of a visit.

So many people nowadays are interested in works of benevolence for the poor and the submerged tenth, and dwellers in the East End generally, that "gentlefolk" who have known better times and are painfully occupied in eking out infinitesimal incomes are apt to get passed over because they do not sufficiently placard their poverty. So it is with pleasure one hears of occasional kindnesses that bear on the gently bred class that suffers its pain in silence. A Home of Rest for gentlepeople of both sexes has recently been opened at Bexhill through the kindness of Miss Junius Stallard, where for a quite small weekly sum those recovering from illness, or in need of fresh air, rest, and good food, are received. St. George's Lodge, Fairmount Road, Bexhill, is under the management of a lady matron, who may be applied to by eligible persons—that is, gentlepeople of small means requiring change of air, rest, and comfort at nominal charges. Many will doubtless be glad to hear of something of the kind, which is so much needed by the unmoneyed better class.

Messrs. Oliver Brothers, like the first swallow, remind one that summer is coming by the display of their excellent Aertex Cellular clothing, which always seasonably and suitably appears with the first hint of hot weather. The invention is so based on the first principles of common-sense that it hardly requires explanation, the name, "Aertex Cellular," conveying exactly what is meant. Porous clothing, which allows the air to circulate, is naturally more health-giving and pleasant in use than woollen or woven garments, which thicken in washing and do not admit of the free passage of air.

At 417, Oxford Street, one may find outfits en route to all parts of the world, especially hot countries, where the hygienic properties of Aertex underclothing are properly appreciated. The cellular clothing is made for men and children, as well as ladies, and the price is so exceedingly low as to tempt an experiment for those who have not tried its merits, which, in the interests of health and comfort, everyone should certainly do.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

VIVIEN (Ceylon).—(1) You might write to the various house-agents for lists of the most suitable properties, describing exactly what you want. The season would be over before your return, of course. (2) Mappin and Webb are the most usual people for presentation plate such as you describe.

SYBIL.

AN ODOL MOUTH COMPETITION.

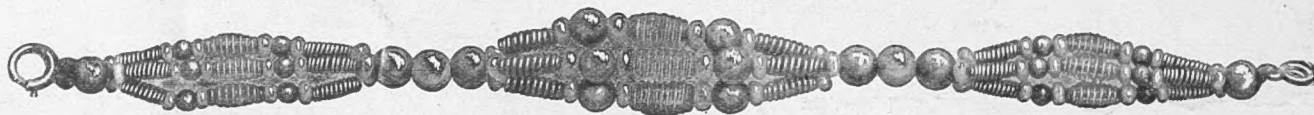
Celebrities in every sphere use and praise Odol, and never has any similar article introduced itself so rapidly and thoroughly in the best classes of the public and the best circles in Society. The problem of this competition is to identify the owners of these mouths. Many of them may be guessed at the first glance. Altogether twenty-four mouth-pictures are submitted, and the competition will be very simple and at the same time most interesting. There are good prizes awaiting those who send in correct solutions. The prizes are—first, £20; second, £10; third, £5; and fifteen prizes of a guinea, besides consolation prizes. We understand that the prizes will be awarded, even in the event of no one sending in a complete and correct solution. In this case those competitors who send in the greatest number will receive the prizes. It is quite an appropriate thing for the Odol proprietors to have taken up.

Messrs. John Barker and Co., Kensington, begin a remarkable sale of surplus stock on June 25. The sale will be continued for one month. On July 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31 remnants and oddments will be offered at half-price. The illustrated catalogue of the sale can be had free on application to the firm.

Even the Opera, which is flourishing exceedingly this year, is affected by the "week end," and the only evening on which any stalls seem to be vacant is Saturday night. The restaurants feel the effect of the "week-end" fashion very much, and the managers of the big dining-places say that their clients, instead of returning to town in time to dine comfortably on Sunday evenings, as they used to do, generally dine at some country inn, or, if they do come to the London restaurants for food, appear at some unreasonable hour of the night. The only organisers of amusement or luxury who seem to disregard the "week end" are the managers of theatres, who still fix Saturday evenings as the dates of their productions. Whether they do this to give the critics of the daily papers time to think over their criticisms and to write them in a kindly spirit after attending church, or whether they still follow the custom of days gone by, I know not, but I am sure that before long they will discover that they will obtain a more brilliant parquet if they give initial performances not on Saturday, but on any day which precedes it.



AN ODOL MOUTH COMPETITION: WHOSE MOUTH IS IT?



AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN'S BRACELET REPRODUCED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

AT last there is a new Riviera novel. It is quite time it came. Everyone is thoroughly tired of reading and re-reading "Dr. Antonio," which, delightful as it is, deals with the Riviera of a bygone day. Miss E. C. Ruthven has laid the scene of her book, "The Uphill Road" (Chapman and Hall), in Nice and Villefranche. All through her pages there are faithful and beautiful descriptions of the sunny South of France. There is a paragraph on page 93 on a Riviera sunset, for example, which will not readily be forgotten. The story itself is painful. Johanna Macgrath is the only surviving child of parents who both died of cancer. Her brother was deformed, her sister was an idiot. And so, when love comes to Johanna, and the man she cares for speaks his heart out in the fragrant garden, with the Villefranche church-bell chiming out in the distance and the full moon behind St. Jean flooding the seas with light, she knows she must reject him. "We shall neither of us ever be happy again." We leave her on the terrace, with the butterflies playing in the sunshine and the blue harbour waters below. The road winds uphill to the very end, but, notwithstanding, there are some bright scenes and clever character-studies by the way. Miss Ruthven's work, for a first novel, shows strong promise. A happy Riviera story from her pen would be most welcome. She understands very well just the stamp of people to be met with there.

The author of "Anthony Britten" (Constable) has not found himself yet. There is something—a very great deal—to find. Mr. Herbert Macilwaine can think. He has a fine eye for detail, he sees through the shams of society with painful clearness, his style is excellently bright. But he is obscure. His novel must be read with the closest attention in order to follow at all. The opening scenes, with the wanderer returning home from years of absence, is extraordinarily good: "London in its hiving squalor as he had seen it go shambling by the windows of the train instead of the free horizons, the eternal sea." Anthony has come home with money, but his people are not told, and his mother's face is cold with surprise when she sees him. The scene at the first breakfast they have together is amazingly clever. Anthony is again in the midst of the petty affairs that go to the home life of his circle. He leaves them after a time, and falls in love twice, the first time with a girl called Polly. They are in the country one day together. Now Anthony "had travelled far, by travelled and untravelled roads, by camps that had been and were to be, and always with the true mate of his imagination. Was this the mate or another? He gave the judgment up to Mother Earth whether to claim or let the surrender pass. She held him stone still." The true mate is someone else, and she is found at the end. Mr. Macilwaine's magic cannot be described. The charm will fasten upon the reader in the very first chapter, and stay with him through the three hundred odd pages. If the writer could be a little simpler it would be well for him.

"An Elderly Person, and Some Others," by Ella MacMahon (Chapman and Hall), is a collection of very delicate and graceful sketches, most of them love-stories. The first and longest is the history of an old maid's one romance. A medical student residing in the same dreary Bloomsbury boarding-house is kind to her, and the old lady dreams her dreams. But when she is asked to admire the portrait of a young girl, she understands. That is all, but it is very prettily and pathetically told. The account of the rapturous day she spent doing London with her hero is admirably done. A memorable little story.

"Things that are Cæsar's," by Mr. H. N. Dickinson (Heinemann), contains not a few words of wisdom—

I like the upper classes, and I like the lower classes, because both are simple and savage and honest. The middle classes are odious because they are smug and canting and imitative.

Conversation, like life, attains its highest interest only when it is inspired by love and war.

No man can be properly understood till one has at least heard him talk about the weather.

The hero of this original political novel is Lord Charles Brandon, the most perverse hero, surely, who ever wished to stand for Parliament, the sort of youth who says, "Oh, I could never work with a man who wears those waistcoats," and when his faithful sister Alice begs him to see the influential Dr. Potts, exclaims, "I hate him! I won't see him. Alice, he worries me; I won't see him. . . ." Brandon's career and his eccentricities are described at enormous length. There is no love interest in the story. It is all Brandon: Brandon brilliant, the pride of his party, Brandon sulky, Brandon suddenly veering round from the Liberals to the Conservatives, Brandon in a whirlwind of vitality, Brandon with a broken leg, Brandon finally "unable to understand the ultimate force that drives him."